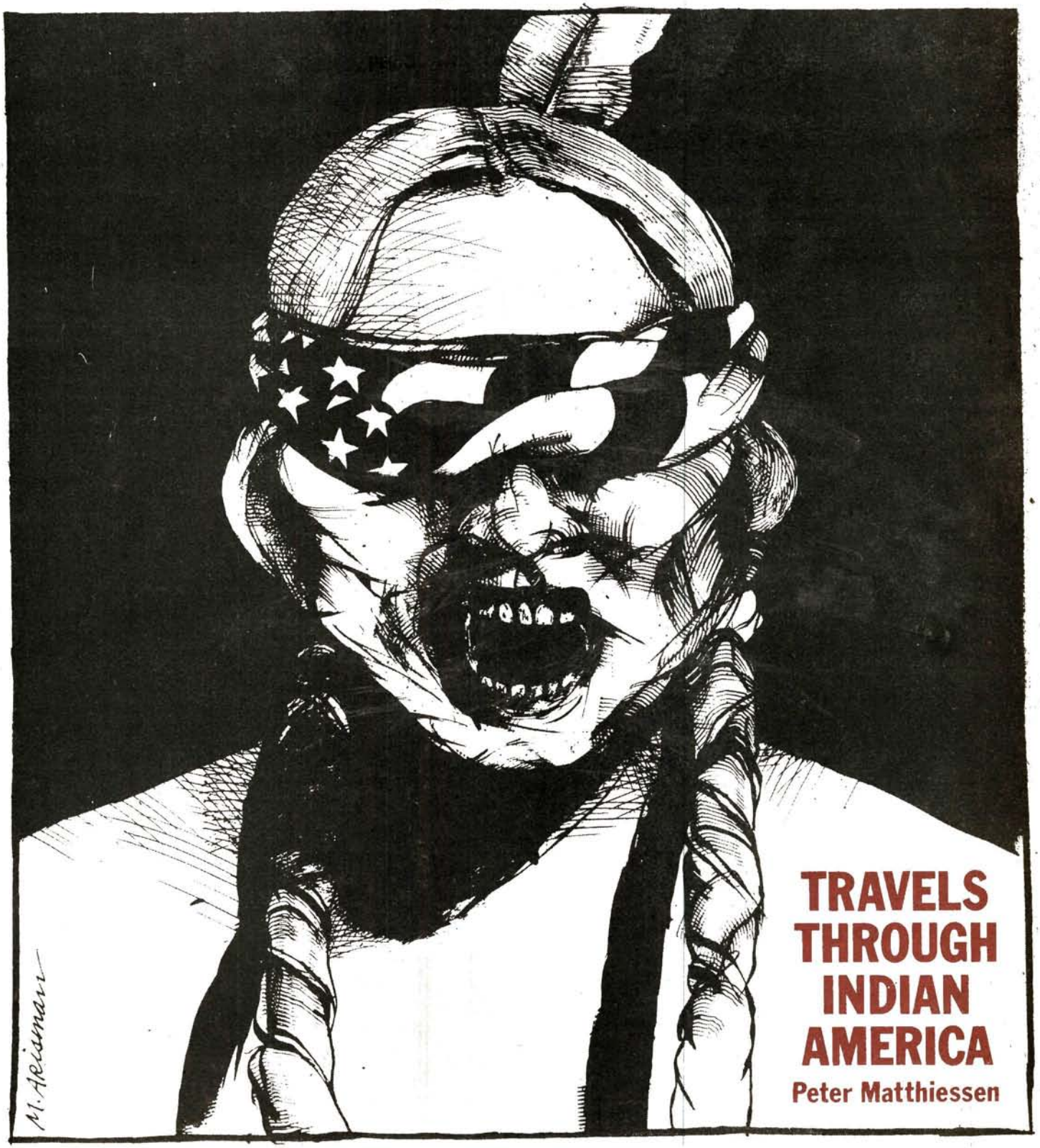
TN USA3 C1491DEC24 83 1 01
UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE NJ 07019

The Nation

February 12, 1983 $1.25; U.K. 65p

FEB



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

'SOVIET ACTIVE MEASURES'

Baltimore

As the person Frank Donner credits with responsibility for developing all of the evidence on Soviet involvement in the "nuclear freeze" effort ["The Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement," *The Nation*, Nov. 6], I have watched with interest as other writers have exposed distortions and inaccuracies in Donner's efforts to whitewash the "freeze" by confusing the issues ["Letters," *The Nation*, Dec. 4 and Dec. 25]. . . .

Donner's references to *The Information Digest* and myself are less accurate than his bizarre version of the Yuri Nosenko case. Of much greater significance is his attempt to defend the "nuclear freeze" effort against revelations of Soviet involvement. But despite all his rhetoric, Donner's defense simply comes down to a few denials of documented facts.

Donner denies by implication that the U.S. Peace Council (U.S.P.C.) is a Communist Party front through the "innocence by association" technique. He writes that "the [U.S.] Peace Council, which has chapters across the country, has some Communist Party members in its midst, but it also has members from Congress, state legislatures, city councils and legal and religious groups." This can be compared to implying an embezzler "must" be innocent because he associates with the innocent—his victims!

Testimony given by F.B.I. Assistant Director for Intelligence Edward J. O'Malley before the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence identifies the World Peace Council as "the largest and most active Soviet front organization with affiliates in approximately 135 countries. It is one of the major Soviet instruments for political action and propaganda in the peace movement. . . . The WPC has taken a direct hand in organizing and mobilizing the American peace movement." The hearings were published December under the title "Soviet Active Measures."

O'Malley's testimony continues: "In 1979, . . . the CPUSA [Communist Party, U.S.A.] assigned two of its longtime members to establish a U.S. chapter of the World Peace Council. At its founding convention in November 1979, the U.S. Peace Council was formed as a U.S. World Peace Council affiliate. The key leadership positions in the U.S. Peace Council were given to CPUSA members." As O'Malley also points out, "the KGB has clandestinely transferred funds to the CPUSA on behalf of the CP Soviet Union."

Donner tries hard to conceal the fact that American "peace activists" are involved with the World Peace Council, and that Terry Provance, a leading "nuclear freeze campaign" organizer, is a member of the W.P.C. The W.P.C. is an instrument of Soviet policy that sometimes serves as a "cover" for K.G.B. operatives such as Radomir Bogdanov, deputy director of the Institute for the Study of the United States and Canada, who in 1978 came to the United States under W.P.C. auspices and met with a number of Congressmen and "notables." Donner claims that in 1977, Provance wrote to the W.P.C. objecting to his inclusion in the list of members. However, the W.P.C. in 1980 again recorded Provance among those elected to W.P.C. membership for a second three-year term.

The next W.P.C. congress will be held in Prague from June 13 to 17. I will be watching with interest to see how many of the people and organizations that Donner paints as innocent of W.P.C. affiliation show up at this Communist gathering and which ones are elected to the council.

Donner also attributes to the chairman of the House Intelligence Committee a statement to the effect that the F.B.I. presented no evidence of Soviet influence in the "nuclear freeze" campaign. As a December 20, 1982, *Wall Street Journal* editorial pointed out, apparently Chairman Edward Boland had not read the transcript of his own committee's hearings. To carry out his whitewash of the Soviet role in the American peace movement, Donner has ignored F.B.I. statements to the contrary. If he would look at page 232 of "Soviet Active Measures," he would find that the F.B.I. testifies:

> A primary focus of the KGB has been arms control and disarmament matters and the American peace movement. KGB officers have recently instructed their contacts to devote serious attention to the anti-war movement in the United States, especially with regard to coalitions forming among the various factions within the movement. The KGB is particularly interested in information concerning the peace movement's slogans, political platforms, plans for conferences or demonstrations, and relations with European anti-war groups.
>
> *In addition, KGB officers have recently asked their contacts in the peace movement* to report on meetings, participate in the planning of demonstrations, and distribute leaflets and other publications. *Some KGB officers were directly involved in efforts to influence the U.S. peace movement* [my emphasis].
>
> A Soviet diplomat involved in active measures operations assigned to the Soviet Embassy in Washington has been actively attempting to influence the American peace movement. He has attended numerous conferences and has made [a] substantial number of speeches to various peace and disarmament groups throughout the United States.

The F.B.I.'s comment on the June 12 demonstration in New York City, the largest "peace" and "freeze" demonstration in recent years, is very instructive: "The U.S. Peace Council and the World Peace Council, as well as CPUSA members were actively involved in the planning and implementation of the June 12 demonstrations connected with SSOD-II in New York."

The F.B.I. testimony cited in this letter speaks for itself. In sum, the F.B.I. reveals that the World Peace Council is Soviet-controlled; that the U.S. Peace Council is a vehicle for the W.P.C. led by members of C.P.U.S.A., which is monitored, directed and funded by the International Department of the Soviet Communist Party Central Committee. The K.G.B. carries out these functions on behalf of the C.P.S.U. Central Committee's International Department.

If *Nation* readers have any intellectual curiosity, they may want to actually read the F.B.I. testimony and see how it differs from Donner's distorted version. "Soviet Active Measures" may be purchased from the U.S. Government Printing Office.

Although Donner attributes all public information concerning Soviet involvement in the "peace" movement and "nuclear freeze" campaign to me, I disclaim any responsibility for the F.B.I. testimony before the House Intelligence Committee. As Donner may remember, the F.B.I. has many excellent sources in the C.P.U.S.A. and knows a great deal about the activities of the K.G.B.

John Rees, Publisher
The Information Digest

DONNER REPLIES

First, Dr. Samuel Francis, the Heritage Foundation's scourge of invented terrorism; then Dr. Rael Jean Isaac, the smear queen specializing in the political perfidy of mainline Protestantism; next, John Barron, *Reader's Digest* master spy-caterer, who cooks up fresh K.G.B. plots for all occasions; and now John Rees, the Inspector Clouseau of countersubversion, joins the pack! I must be doing something right.

Frank Donner

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double-spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so bear with us.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 236, Number 6

LETTERS
162

EDITORIALS
163 Indian Matters
164 A Curious Affair
164 The Sex Police
165 P.L.O. Impasse — *Dilip Hiro*
166 *Sovieticus* — *Stephen F. Cohen*

ARTICLES
167 Return of the Big Man: Travels Through Indian America — *Peter Matthiessen*
177 Reagan's Indian Policy: Speaking With Forked Tongue — *Art Winslow*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
180 McMillan: Women, Reason And Nature — *Barbara Ehrenreich*
182 Bettelheim: Freud and Man's Soul — *Lesley Hazleton*
183 Clarke: American Assassins: The Darker Side of Politics — *Clancy Sigal*
184 Eller: Miners, Millhands, and Mountaineers: Industrialization of the Appalachian South, 1880-1930 — *Tom Chaffin*
186 Theater — *Richard Gilman*
186 Anemone (poem) — *Philip Schultz*

Drawings by Marshall Arisman

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors,* Andrew Kopkind, Janet Gold *(Copy); Assistant Editor,* Eric Etheridge; *Literary Editor,* Katha Pollitt; *Assistant Literary Editor,* Elena Brunet; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Barbara Dudley Davis, Judith Long, JoAnn Wypijewski; *Editorial Secretary,* Louise Tallmer; *Interns,* Theresa Braine, Jeff Lincoln, Elizabeth Royte, John Rudd, Jonathan Seiden, Amy Singer. *On leave,* Kai Bird, Robert Sherrill.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Films,* Robert Hatch; *Music,* David Hamilton; *Correspondents: Washington, D.C.,* Christopher Hitchens; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *Europe,* Daniel Singer; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Kai Bird & Max Holland (*Dispatches*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editors:* Blair Clark, Herman Schwartz, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Robert Lekachman, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Manager,* Carole Kraemer; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Gertrude Silverston; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Subscription Manager,* Stephen W. Soule; *Circulation Assistant,* Patty Peltekos; *Classified,* Virginia Cannon; *Director of Development and Publicity,* Laurie Lipper; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1982 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. *Subscription Mail Address:* Nation Subscription Service, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $35; two years, $65; six months, $17.50. Add $7 per year postage Canada, Mexico; $13 per year other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days of publication date; back issues available $3 prepaid ($4 foreign). **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries should be sent to: *The Nation,* Subscription Services, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305.

EDITORIALS.

Indian Matters

When James Watt leaves office (make it soon, please), some innovative group should give him an award for all he has done to galvanize people who care about things he is trying to destroy. His latest noble deed was telling an interviewer that "socialism" on the reservations is to blame for Native Americans' poverty. Suddenly the Indians were the cynosure of the media, and their leaders were able to publicize their criticisms not only of Watt but of President Reagan's new Indian policy, announced last month. In an article on page 177, Art Winslow focuses on what the Administration is doing, rather than what it is saying, and finds economic warfare being waged through budget cuts in Indian programs.

Although the recent uproar over Watt's remarks has made Indians' problems "timely," Peter Matthiessen's account of his travels on the reservations, to which we have devoted the bulk of this issue, really deals with the timeless. He offers examples of the rising tide of political activism, such as the American Indian Movement, and discusses the harassment of leaders like Leonard Peltier [see Bruce Johansen, "Still Fighting the Indian Wars," *The Nation*, October 1, 1977]; he also records the stirrings of a cultural and religious revival as today's Indians seek to recover lost dignity and identity.

By the same token, although the greater tribal autonomy President Reagan promised is fine, the Indians need economic justice as well. To speak solely of autonomy to a people that is suffering unemployment rates as high as 75 percent in some areas, that is chronically in need of better health care and education, is to speak with forked tongue.

Note. Despite the lip service the press pays to the Indians' plight, it—including *The Nation*—has underreported the story. We pledge to do better. And we applaud Marshall Arisman's brilliant drawings this week. Readers in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York City area who are interested in seeing more of Arisman's work should go to the Sindin Galleries, where his latest paintings are on view.

A Curious Affair

If ever there was a news report that begged more questions than it answered, it is the story of the ambush and murder of eight Peruvian journalists last week in a remote Andean village. First, government officials in Lima said that angry peasants had mistaken the journalists for members of the mysterious Shining Path guerrilla band. Later, the peasants emended the official version by saying that they were following police orders to kill all strangers.

Everything about both versions is suspect. The eight journalists represented left-wing newspapers in the capital. They were killed not by long-range gunfire but by machetes, clubs and stones. If it was a case of mistaken identity, the mistake was of Andean proportions.

The New York Times, which published its first story on the front page (and relegated a minuscule follow-up to an inside page), still did not think it was necessary to go into great detail or explore the background. If it had, we might have learned about the growing insurrection against Peruvian President Fernando Belaúnde Terry, who is in the third year of what was once billed as democratic rule. Belaúnde replaced a junta of right-wing military men, but his promise of democratic progress was quickly tarnished when he repealed the popular land-reform policies instituted in the early 1970s by the leftist ruler Juan Velasco Alvarado. Belaúnde's regime soon became notorious for its human rights violations, brutal police tactics, attacks on leftist parties and inability to alleviate the grinding poverty of the peasantry.

Sendero Luminoso—the Shining Path—has become the principal insurgent force. Originally a university-based offspring of the Communist Party of Peru, S.L. went underground after Belaúnde's inauguration in 1980. Last summer, it claimed responsibility for 3,000 guerrilla actions, including sabotage of power lines, bombings and burnings of police stations and municipal buildings, destruction of bridges, burnings of the houses of government officials and assassinations (sometimes in public places) of rich landowners. In July, after five policemen were killed in the bombing of a police station, the government declared a state of emergency. Constitutional rights were suspended in Lima, as they are now in Ayacucho, the capital of the department where the journalists were ambushed.

Unrest in the impoverished Ayacucho department reached such an alarming level last December that Belaúnde put five of its provinces under martial law. But the Senderistas have stepped up their campaign, and have destroyed stores of food, sugar and other supplies—to focus attention, they have said, on corruption and speculation amid widespread poverty. There are frequent reports of indiscriminate police detentions and beatings of suspected S.L. sympathizers.

The Senderistas call their organization a "new type of Marxist-Leninist-Maoist party" (they condemn the "revisionism" of both the Soviet Union and China), and promise to install a government of workers and peasants when they topple Belaúnde and his Acción Popular party. The S.L. has more than a thousand guerrillas, and support among the peasants is growing rapidly. It appeals to the Indian peasants' pride in their Incan ancestry and their belief that one day an Incan god will return to liberate them from the oppression of the descendants of the conquistadors.

If the Senderistas are as isolated and hated as the government claims, then why is their guerrilla war so widespread and the government's response so drastic? And if the Senderistas have as much support among the peasants as students of the situation say they do, then why did the peasants kill eight "strangers" with such eager ferocity? The story of what is really happening in the mountains of Peru is not being told.

The Sex Police

On February 25, unless a court stays it, a Federal regulation will go into effect requiring federally funded birth-control clinics to notify parents when their children 17 and under request contraceptive prescriptions. "Children" is the wrong word; the rule will apply only to young women, since they are the only users of such contraceptives.

Proponents of the regulation claim that it will strengthen old-time family morality, but actually it is a reversion to the nineteenth-century double standard, a subclause of which ran: women should bear the onus of disgrace for illicit sex and unwanted pregnancies. In rural America in an earlier day, this harsh folkway was softened somewhat through the institution of the shotgun wedding. If marriage—shotgun or voluntary—could not be arranged, the unwed mother-to-be's fate was clear. Writing in the nineteenth century, a small-town editorialist summed up the Victorian code: "The shame could not be covered up no matter how long one lived or how good one became in later life. A woman's entire life could not atone for such a sin."

In our own day, society has faced up to the increase in teen-age sexual activity, and the concomitant rise in premarital pregnancies, by offering birth-control assistance to women. Under the new rule, federally funded clinics will be transformed into sexual police; they will "squeal" on the very people who come to them for help. Notification need not be made if doing so would "result in physical harm to the minor by a parent or guardian"—an exception that proves the perniciousness of the rule. How is the clinic to determine that such harm will ensue? Take the young woman's word that it will? Fine—but then why have the rule, since it remains up to her to determine the need for privacy. Ask the parents if they will beat their daughter? Clearly not, since that defeats the purpose of the exception.

Birth-control clinics don't encourage teen-age sexuality; they are an attempt to prevent its consequences—unwanted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pregnancies. The new rule is an invasion of privacy, and since only the woman's parents are notified, it is discriminatory. The Department of Health and Human Services should at least be consistent and require pharmacists to report all sales of over-the-counter contraceptives to males 17 and under. Perhaps it should impose surveillance on back seats of cars and other trysting places. Why not bring back the shotgun wedding—require all unwed parents-to-be to marry? That would be a truly profamily bit of legislation, and presumably the National Rifle Association would throw its considerable support behind it.

P.L.O. Impasse

When members of the Palestine National Council meet in Algiers next week, they will find that the consensus that once united radicals and moderates behind P.L.O. chieftain Yasir Arafat's conciliatory line has broken down. Arafat had endorsed the proposals adopted at the Arab League's Fez summit for an independent Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza and guarantees of security to all countries in the region. Equally important, he did not specifically reject the Reagan plan for a Palestinian "entity" in federation with Jordan. Now both of Arafat's actions are under attack.

The council is the governing body of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Al Fatah, the largest of the eight political groups affiliated with the P.L.O., leads the moderate camp; it has come out in favor of a confederation of Jordan and a future Palestinian state. But five radical groups—including the Marxist Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine and the pro-Syrian Al Saiqa—have rejected both the Reagan plan and the Fez proposals. Their rejection came in January at a meeting in Libya.

The radicals have reacted to changed circumstances: Israel's blanket rejection of the Reagan plan, the establishment of new Israeli settlements in the occupied territories, the American failure to force an Israeli withdrawal from Lebanon by early February, the rapid Soviet rearming of Syria, and the Soviet Union's fears that the Arab world is falling under American influence.

Arab anger at Israeli intransigence and doubts about American credibility have helped the hard-liners shift the focus of debate within the P.L.O. from discussions of political strategy to discussions of military tactics to use against Israeli targets. Arafat tried to placate the radicals by ordering the reorganization of P.L.O. forces for hit-and-run raids. As a result, since December 1 the Israeli troops in occupied Lebanon have been attacked daily with rockets, grenades and car bombs.

It has been left to King Hussein of Jordan to convince the Arab world of American sincerity in seeking a solution to the conflict. He has reportedly secured a letter from President Reagan which states that the Administration "is ready to use its weight" to insure the return of "lands and rights in the occupied territories . . . to the owners."

Hussein reached an understanding with Arafat on the composition of a Jordanian-Palestinian delegation that could participate in peace talks under the American aegis. The sticking points were the U.S. refusal to deal directly with the P.L.O., and the P.L.O.'s claim to be the sole representative of the Palestinians. The joint delegation would include only those non-P.L.O. Palestinians who have previously been endorsed by the P.L.O. Delegates to the National Council will vote on that formula at the forthcoming session, and may vote on a resolution to accept the existence of separate Israeli and Arab states within the boundaries of the Palestine of the British mandate.

Both resolutions will be opposed by the radicals, with the ardent backing of President Assad of Syria. For, like Assad, they are deeply suspicious of Hussein, whom they regard as an American pawn. They were hostile when Reagan announced his basic plan last September 1, after secret consultations with Hussein. That plan makes no mention of Syria's Golan Heights, annexed by Israel in December 1981.

The Syrians and the radical Palestinians are committed to frustrating U.S. ambitions for political control over the entire Middle East. So is the Soviet Union. Moscow was eager to repair the damage done to Syria's political and military standing as a result of its poor performance in Lebanon last summer. Within three months of the end of hostilities, the Russians had shipped 35,000 tons of arms to Syria.

There are twice as many Soviet military advisers in Syria now as there were before the hostilities. Once the long-range, high-altitude SAM-5 missile batteries are operational near Damascus and Homs, the Syrians will be able to protect their previously deployed SAM-6 batteries near the cities from Israeli air strikes. The Assad regime seems to have regained the confidence it lost last summer. "Syria knows that it is only by force of arms and combat that it can reinforce its ability to secure its political demands," said a recent editorial in the paper of the ruling Baath party.

Not surprisingly, Syria's bullish mood has affected many Palestinian leaders and fighters. Seven of the P.L.O. executive committee's fifteen members live in Damascus; five of the eight political groups affiliated with the P.L.O. are based there; and three fifths of the approximately 11,000 Palestinian fighters who left West Beirut last summer now live in Syrian camps. In addition, Syria is the main supplier of arms to the P.L.O.

The continued estrangement of Assad and Arafat underlies the Syrian President's encouragement to the radical Palestinians. The last time the two leaders met was in Fez in mid-September, and that meeting was brief. Since then, although Arafat has visited Damascus half a dozen times, he has not met with Assad once.

If the radicals lose at the National Council session in Algiers, they may well secede from the P.L.O. and set up a rival organization. That would undermine the P.L.O.'s claim to be the sole representative of the Palestinian people.

DILIP HIRO

Dilip Hiro is the author of Inside the Middle East *(McGraw-Hill).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOVIETICUS.

STEPHEN F. COHEN

Whatever happened to the Soviet "dissident movement"? In the early and mid-1970s, its importance in the Western press, American foreign policy and even Presidential politics sometimes seemed to rival that of the Soviet government itself. Recently, the subject has almost vanished from Western newspapers and politics.

Part of the answer is well known. Arrests—hundreds of them just in the years since 1979—and other forms of police repression have systematically depleted dissident ranks. Most established leaders, and thousands of activists, are in prison or internal exile or have emigrated.

But repression isn't the whole story. The liberal, or human rights, movement, which Western observers mistake for all Soviet dissent, is undergoing a fundamental programmatic crisis that has eroded its political viability almost as much as has the K.G.B. That decline of liberal dissent, dramatized by the disbanding of the Moscow Helsinki Watch Group last September, has been misinterpreted by the Western press as the end of the dissident movement.

In reality, Soviet political dissent has always been an array of conflicting outlooks and movements ranging from the far left to the far right. And the dissident views that appeal to most ordinary Russians have never been liberal ones, but nationalist ideas espoused by the right wing, including quasi-fascist groups that probably would form a regime more illiberal than Brezhnev's or Andropov's.

Liberal dissidents gained pre-eminence in the West in the 1970s for reasons that had little to do with their appeal inside the Soviet Union. They had access to foreign correspondents, familiar democratic values, a galaxy of sympathetic personalities and a towering moral spokesman in Andrei Sakharov. No less important, they addressed their protests primarily to Western governments rather than to Soviet officials or fellow citizens.

That Western orientation actually reflected the underlying crisis of liberal Soviet dissidents, which existed even at the height of their importance in American-Soviet relations and which now has deepened. They have no program, or even guiding ideas, for changing the Soviet system.

As was true in czarist Russia, there are only two ways to change a monopolistic, bureaucratic system for the better: mass revolution from below or official reform from above. Like virtually all Soviet dissidents, liberals abhor the prospect of another revolution more than they dislike the existing government. But those same liberals, having judged Soviet officialdom to be thoroughly illegitimate and repressive, also reject any possibility of reform from above. Therefore, as many liberals now admit, they can offer no "way out" except pleas to the West.

The result is a deep-seated hopelessness among liberals that cannot be offset by courageous civil rights protests, calls for a "moral stand" or appeals to the West. Open protests lead to prison. Moral resistance leads away from political activity to spiritual concerns. And the West, whose attention span is short, cannot force the Soviet government to change. No wonder liberal activists can't replenish their depleted ranks, and the favorite toast of those who remain has become "To the success of our hopeless cause."

Other repressed dissident movements, on the right and on the left, however, have avoided the liberal dead end and sustained their vigor by adopting reformist perspectives of one kind or another. Consider, for example, the charms of Gennady Shimanov, the avatar of extreme right-wing dissent in Moscow. Shimanov accuses human rights liberals of "mutiny" against "our state," while they call his despotic, racist, anti-Western ideas "Russian fascism."

Shimanov's ideas appeal to ordinary citizens and to some high-level officials for two reasons. He accepts the legitimacy of the Soviet state, objecting only to its "false and spent" Communist ideology. He wants a revitalized Soviet power based on the Russian Orthodox religion. Second, unlike most liberal dissidents, Shimanov addresses social problems that afflict both state and society—falling productivity and Russian birthrates, and the related epidemics of cynicism, alcoholism, abortion and divorce. He assures the ruling bureaucracy that an Orthodox Soviet state would bring forth disciplined, productive, sober and family-oriented citizens. However ominous, Shimanov's program is a reformist (and native) "way out."

Left-wing Soviet dissidents also have responded to the crisis of liberal dissent. There has been a striking growth of underground socialist circles and programmatic journals since the late 1970s. Moreover, they involve a new generation of dissidents in their 20s and 30s.

These new socialist dissidents are democrats and they admire Sakharov. But they conclude from the experience of the 1970s that the liberal movement's emphasis on civil liberties, antisocialism and the West put it "outside" Soviet problems and possibilities. One socialist dissident writes, "Alas, a local Party committee secretary is incomparably closer to the realities of everyday life than Sakharov or the 'Helsinki Watchers.' "

While more conspiratorial than Roy Medvedev, the only famous socialist dissident who has maintained his political views and freedom since the 1960s, most of these new dissidents advocate programs consistent with his gradualist perspective. Medvedev has always insisted, although it has resulted in unfair liberal attacks on his integrity, that liberalization is possible only through "reform from above," especially economic decentralization, and therefore dissidents must propose loyalist programs for "consumers" inside Soviet officialdom.

Of course, socialist dissidents are also unsafe in the Soviet Union. In April 1982, the K.G.B. arrested five young socialists, an event little noted in the West, and this January it threatened Medvedev with arrest. Nonetheless, the future of Soviet dissent now lies primarily on the socialist left and the extreme right, not with the liberal movement of the 1970s, because each offers a reformist "way out" to potential consumers in the Soviet Union, rather than in the West.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

RETURN OF THE BIG MAN

Travels Through Indian America

PETER MATTHIESSEN

On June 26, 1975, in the late morning, two F.B.I. agents drove onto Indian land near Oglala, South Dakota, a small village on the Pine Ridge Reservation. Here a shoot-out occurred in which both agents and an Indian man were killed. Although large numbers of F.B.I. agents, Bureau of Indian Affairs (B.I.A.) police, state troopers, sheriff's deputies and vigilantes surrounded the property within an hour of the first shots, the numerous Indians involved in the shoot-out escaped into the hills.

The death of the agents inspired the biggest manhunt in F.B.I history. Of the four men eventually indicted for the killings, one was later released because the evidence was "weak," and two others were acquitted in July 1976 when a jury concluded that although they had fired at the agents, they had done so in self-defense. The fourth man, Leonard Peltier, indicted on the same charges as his companions but not tried until the following year, after extradition from Canada, was convicted on two counts of murder in the first degree and was sentenced to consecutive life terms in prison, although even his prosecutors would dismiss as worthless the testimony of the only person ever to claim to have witnessed his participation in the killings. This testimony was also repudiated by the witness, who claimed to have signed her damning affidavits under duress, as part of what one Court of Appeals judge would refer to as a "clear abuse of the investigative process by the FBI."

Whatever the nature and degree of his participation at Oglala, the ruthless persecution of Leonard Peltier had less to do with his own actions than with underlying issues of history, racism and economics, in particular Indian sovereignty claims and growing opposition to massive energy development on treaty lands and the dwindling reservations. In the northern Plains, the opposition was based on a treaty, signed in 1868 between the United States and the Lakota nation at Fort Laramie, in Dakota Territory, which recognized Lakota sovereignty in their Dakota-Wyoming homelands and hunting grounds, including the sacred Paha Sapa, the Black Hills. With the discovery of gold in the Black Hills a few years later, this treaty was illegally repudiated by the U.S. government; not until the 1970s was the justice of the Lakota treaty claim recognized in court.

In the year of the 1868 treaty, a former Governor of New York named Horatio Seymour was nominated as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States; and the history of the Lakota people might possibly have been less tragic had the Democrats won, since Governor Seymour held strong convictions which Ulysses S. Grant did not share about the offense to its own Constitution of the young nation's shameful treatment of the native peoples.

> Every human being born upon our continent, or who comes here from any quarter of the world, whether savage or civilized, can go to our courts for protection—except those who belong to the tribes who once owned this country. . . . The worst criminals from Europe, Asia, or Africa can appeal to the law and courts for their rights of person and property—all save our native Indians, who, above all, should be protected from wrong.

Seymour's unpopular opinion appeared on the title page of Helen Hunt Jackson's *A Century of Dishonor* (1881), one of the first books to deplore the wrongs inflicted on "the tribes who once owned this country":

> There is but one hope of righting this wrong. It lies in appeal to the heart and the conscience of the American people. What the people demand, Congress will do. It has been—to our shame be it spoken—at the demand of part of the people that all these wrongs have been committed, these treaties broken, these robberies done, by the Government. . . .
>
> The only thing that can stay this is a mighty outspoken sentiment and purpose of the great body of the people. Right sentiment and right purpose in a Senator here and there, and a Representative here and there, are little more than straws which make momentary eddies, but do not obstruct the tide. . . .
>
> What an opportunity for the Congress of 1880 to cover itself with a lustre of glory, as the first to cut short our nation's record of cruelties and perjuries! the first to attempt to redeem the name of the United States from the stain of a century of dishonor!

The Congress of 1880 did not redeem the name of the United States, and that "century of dishonor" was followed by another—less violent, perhaps, but more insidious and sly—as the "frontiersman" gave way to the railroadman and the miner, the developer and the industrialist, with their attendant bureaucrats and politicians. And the Congress of the 1980s will do no better, to judge from the enrichment of the powerful and the betrayal of the poor to which it has reduced itself under President Reagan.

The poorest of the poor—by far—are the Indian people. It is true that in our courts today the Indian has legal status as a citizen, but anyone familiar with Indian life, in cities or on reservations, can testify that justice for Indians is random and arbitrary where it exists at all. For all our talk about suppression of human rights in other countries, and despite a nostalgic sentimentality about the noble Red Man, the prejudice and persecution still continue. American hearts respond with emotion to Indian portraits by George

---

Peter Matthiessen is the author of five novels and many nonfiction works, including Wildlife in America *and* Sal Si Puedes: Cesar Chavez and the New American Revolution. *He received the National Book Award for* The Snow Leopard *in 1978. This article is exerpted from* In the Spirit of Crazy Horse, *to be published by The Viking Press.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Catlin and Edward Curtis, to such eloquent books as *Black Elk Speaks* and *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee,* to modern films and television dramas in which the nineteenth-century Indian is portrayed as the tragic victim of Manifest Destiny; we honor his sun dances and thunderbirds in the names of our automobiles and our motels.

Our nostalgia comes easily, since those stirring peoples are safely in the past, and the abuse of their proud character, generosity and fierce honesty—remarked upon by almost all the first Europeans to observe them—can be blamed on our roughshod frontier forebears. "The tribes who once owned this country" were simply in the way of the white man's progress, and so most of the Eastern tribes were removed to Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), and the Western tribes mostly banished or confined to arid wastes that no decent white man would want. By a great historical irony, many of these lands were situated on the dry crust of the Grants Mineral Belt, which extends from the lands of the Dene people in Saskatchewan to those of their close relatives, the Dine, or Navajo, in New Mexico and Arizona, and contains North America's greatest energy resources. More than half of the continent's uranium and much of its petroleum and coal lie beneath Indian land, and so the Indians are in the way again.

After 400 years of betrayals and excuses, Indians recognize the new fashion in racism, which is to pretend that the real Indians are all gone. We have no wish to be confronted by these "half-breeds" of today, gone slack after a century of enforced dependence, poverty, bad food, alcohol and despair, because to the degree that these people can be ignored, the shame of our nation can be ignored as well. Leonard Peltier's experience reflects more than most of us wish to know about the realities of Indian existence in America; our magazines turn away from articles about the Indians of today, and most studies of Indian history and culture avoid mention of the twentieth century. But the Indians are still among us—"We are your shadows," as one of them has said—and the qualities they were known for in their days of glory still persist among many of these quiet people, of mixed ancestry as well as full-blood, who still abide in the echo of the Old Way.

My travels among the Indians began some years ago with the discovery that most traditional communities in North America know of a messenger who appears in evil times as a warning from the Creator that man's disrespect for His sacred instructions has upset the harmony and balance of existence; some say that the messenger comes in sign of a great destroying fire that will purify the world of the disruption and pollution of earth, air, water and all living things. He has strong spirit powers and sometimes takes the form of a huge hairy man; in recent years this primordial being has appeared near Indian communities from the northern Plains states to far northern Alberta and throughout the Pacific Northwest.

In 1976, an Indian in spiritual training took me to Hopi, where traditional leaders told us more about this being. Over several years, we visited the elders in many remote canyons of the West, and eventually I traveled on my own, from the Everglades and the Blue Ridge Mountains north to Hudson Bay and from the St. Lawrence westward to Vancouver Island. Along the way I learned a little of the Indians' identity with land and life (very different from our "environmental" understanding) and shared a little of their long sadness about the theft and ruin of ancestral lands—one reason, they felt, why That-One-You-Are-Speaking-About had reappeared.

Like most people with more appreciation than understanding of the Indian vision, I clung to a romantic concept of "traditional Indians," aloof from activism and politics and somehow spiritually untouched by Western progress. This concept had a certain validity in the old Hopi nation, which was never at war with the United States and never displaced from its stone villages on the desert rimrock north of the sacred San Francisco Peaks, in Arizona; the Hopi traditionals are looked to by other Indians all over the continent for guidance in the quest to rediscover and maintain those roots of the Old Way that might still nourish the Indian people. In most Indian communities, however, romantic concepts were difficult to sustain. While it was true that, here and there, a few "old ones" still existed, it was clear that most reservation traditionals had resumed their traditions only very recently, and that many, as one Indian writer has observed, were "conservative Indians whose cultural tenacity somehow got confused with a sadly-compromised grasp of their own heritage. . . . A decline in their first-hand experience in Native American customs has resulted in a reactionary mentality that poses as traditionalism . . . and . . . a degraded and stereotypical 'pow-wow' view of themselves."

Such people—especially those living in cities—were wary of the new activist organizations, in particular the American Indian Movement (AIM) and its young "warriors" with their red wind bands, guns and episodes of violence, who were sure to bring down further grief on a desperate people. I had absorbed some of this attitude, having failed to perceive that whatever AIM's origins, excesses and mistakes, that warrior spirit had restored identity and pride to thousands of defeated people and inspired attempts to resurrect the dying languages and culture.

Then, in the spring of 1979, while investigating the proposed construction of a vast fuel terminal on Indian sacred grounds at Point Conception, California, I took part in a sweat-lodge ceremony led by Archie Fire Lame Deer, a Lakota of the Minnecojou band who had married among the coastal Chumash and was a leader in the Point Conception struggle [see Matthiessen, "Last Stand at the Western Gate," *The Nation,* August 25-September 1, 1979]. During a walk to the vision-quest pits that he maintains in the mountains of the Coast Ranges above Point Conception, Lame Deer spoke of the sweat lodge he had established at Lompoc Federal Correctional Institution, on the far side of these Santa Ynez Mountains; just recently, he said, AIM leader Leonard Peltier had been transferred to Lompoc, to the great relief of Indians all over the country, who had feared that he would be assassinated in the Federal penitentiary at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

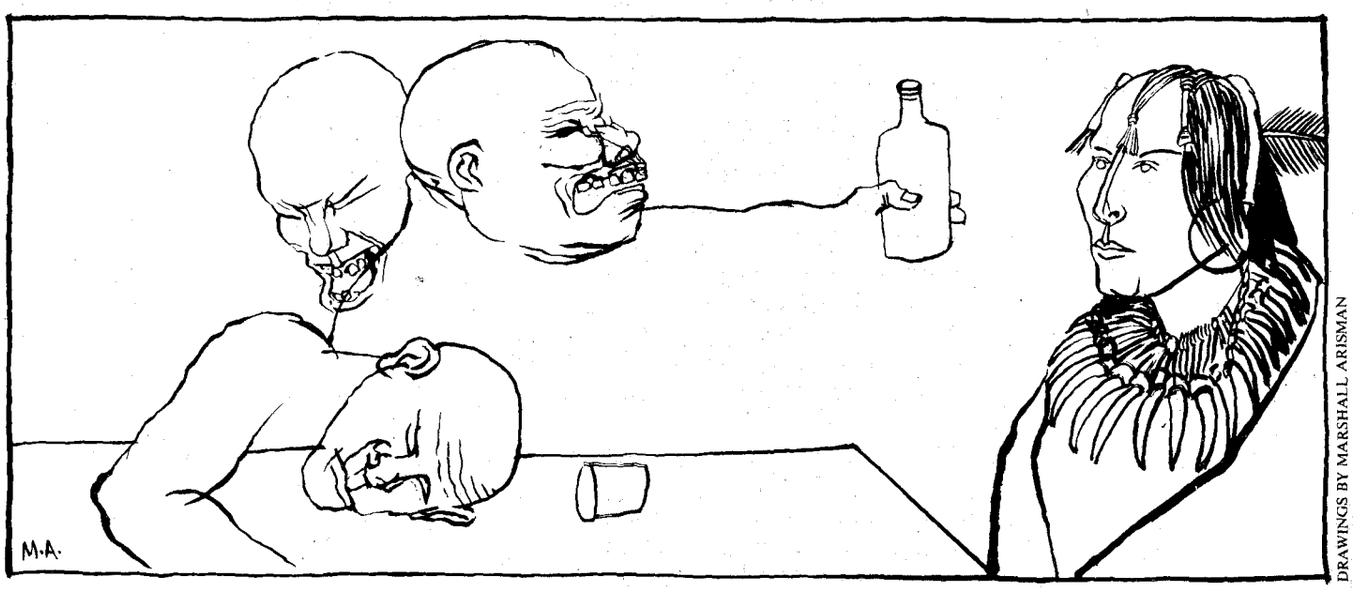
Marion, Illinois. At first, I resisted the police-state implications of this idea, discounting them as movement rhetoric and paranoia. But a few weeks later, when Peltier made a desperate escape from Lompoc in which a young Indian named Dallas Thundershield was killed, I had to take what Lame Deer had said more seriously. I began to make inquiries about Peltier's case, and I have been making inquiries ever since.

Lame Deer made a firm distinction between a true leader such as Peltier and the self-appointed AIM spokesmen who turned up at every political confrontation and split the local Indians by demanding leadership and encouraging divisive factions, or brought discredit on the movement through drink and violence. Many Indians had concluded that AIM had been infiltrated from the start by the F.B.I., and the Chumash people were now wondering if one of the AIM men involved in a Point Conception shooting had been sent in to damage the Indian cause with bad publicity, but Lame Deer doubts this. "Guys like these, every time they mess up, they start hollering about the F.B.I.—well, that is bullshit. The F.B.I. has no time to fool with every loose Indian who comes along. But Leonard is different, he is a real leader; they are afraid of him, and they're out to get him."

A very big man with a bearish walk, Archie Fire is a descendant of that Lame Deer who in the winter of 1835-36 (according to the "winter count" marked on buffalo hide by an Indian called the Swan) "shot a Crow three times with the same arrow," and also of the Minnecojou chief of the same name who joined forces with Sitting Bull's Hunkpapas and the Oglalas of Crazy Horse in the great battle of June 25, 1876, in which Col. George Custer's Seventh Cavalry company was destroyed. At the death of his father, John Fire Lame Deer, in 1976, Archie Fire became chief, and one day he intends to return to the Dakotas. Lame Deer himself was raised on the Rosebud Reservation, but most of his Minnecojou people—the most traditional of the seven Lakota bands—live farther north on the Cheyenne River Reservation, and also on Standing Rock, on the North Dakota border. "There's a lot going on up in that country now," said Archie Fire, referring not only to the threat to the Great Plains from widespread mining but to recent appearances of the big hairy man at Little Eagle, on the Standing Rock Reservation, who came in sign, some people said, of those days at the world's end "when the moon will turn red and the sun will turn blue" and the Lakota people will resume their place at the center of existence.

Opening his tobacco bundle, he purified the vision pit with smoke from a braided hank of sweetgrass, after which he assembled the stone pipe. We smoked the pipe together, facing successively in the four directions, giving thanks in our own ways to the Creator, to Wakan Tanka (literally, the Unknowable Great; loosely, the Great Mystery). Lame Deer stood for a long time against the California sky, chanting in the Siouan tongue, his big voice rolling down the mountains to the grasslands that today reminded him of spring on the Great Plains: *Mitakuye Iyasin!* (All Our Relations!), which means not merely our own kin but our identity with all things on this splendid Earth.

A few weeks later, on my way to the Black Hills, I passed through the Turtle Mountain Reservation in North Dakota, in the wooded lake country just south of the Canadian border. Indian friends had given me names of people on Turtle Mountain, and a lively evening was spent with the family of Mary Cornelius, the traditional spokesman for the Pembina Ojibwa band since the death in 1976 of Chief Keyon Little Shell. In 1864, an ancestral Chief Little Shell signed a treaty with the United States that assigned to the Pembina band 8 million acres of this wooded lakeland; in the next thirty years, the reservation was drastically reduced as white settlers pushed out the Indians, and today perhaps 72 square miles are left of the 1,150 or more to which the Pembina had held aboriginal title. (They also held territories farther east and south, from which they were pushed out by the Dakota people who were spreading westward; some of that land is now the Fort Totten Reservation, where Leonard Peltier's Ojibwa-Sioux mother was born.) Most of the treaty land was seized from the Pembina without pay-



DRAWINGS BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment, and only recently, with the discovery of oil, has the band been offered a government "recompense" of $52 million. Mary Cornelius was trying to persuade her people to refuse, since if they accepted this money, they would waive all future claims to the lost land and permit its exploitation by the oil companies. "I'm getting kind of tired of politics," Mary Cornelius said. "The only reason I was chosen for spokesman was because I can still speak my own language: I guess I'm the first woman chosen as spokesman in the history of the band."

Like many traditional families, the Corneliuses have been harassed by the Federal agencies that administer all Indian reservations. In 1969, Mary Cornelius's daughter lost her unborn child after a beating by Bureau of Indian Affairs police; the F.B.I. covered up the episode, and Mary Cornelius has been an energetic AIM supporter ever since. She is a second cousin of Leo Peltier, and is proud to have Leo's son Leonard in the family.

Turtle Mountain was among the many Indian communities that had been visited in recent years by the "rugaru," as the Ojibwa call the hairy man who appears in symptom of danger or psychic disruption in the community. Several people in the Cornelius family had seen the rugaru, including Mary's son Richard, who talked a little about the appearance of these beings in recent years to Lakota people at Little Eagle, South Dakota: "There were just too many sightings down there to ignore. I mean, a *lot* of people saw it. Around here, we didn't have very many reports; most of them were right here where we live now." He waved his hand to indicate the woods outside, where I camped that night along the lake edge.

From Turtle Mountain, south and west, the Ojibwa woodlands open out onto the buffalo grasslands that roll south all the way to Comanche and Kiowa country in northern Texas. Ohiyesa, a Santee Sioux boy whose band was hunting in this country in the late 1860s, refers repeatedly to the ancient enmity between Dakota and Ojibwa that made travel in this country dangerous for both. "Hush," says his grandmother, alarmed by a bird's song. "It may be an Ojibwa scout." And her lullaby begins, "Sleep, sleep, my boy, the Chippewas are far away." As "Charles A. Eastman," Ohiyesa was to become a Dartmouth graduate, a doctor, a Christian, a friend of Presidents and the author of several notable books on Indian life.

I headed south on the long straight roads of the Great Plains, past the glittering reed ponds of the prairie sloughs and over the soft rolling hills and flowing grasslands of the buffalo peoples. Widgeon and teal rose from the reeds, and to the west, a cloud-colored flight of pelicans turned bone white, catching the sun, as the wings banked in widening far circles; the huge birds sailed westward into infinities of summer blue. At Mandan, the road crossed the wide Missouri and, in early afternoon, the Cannonball River. Here, in 1883, Cree mercenaries and the U.S. Army slaughtered the last great herd of northern bison, to help in the final subjugation of the Lakota (or western Dakota), known to their many enemies as Sioux.

The Little Eagle settlement on the Standing Rock Reservation, not far south of the South Dakota line, sits between low buttes of the Grand River, just west of its confluence with the Missouri. According to Joe Flying By, a small, mild-mannered man whom I found standing outside his house, enjoying the late-afternoon light of early summer, the Grand River had once been called the Mandan, for in the old days, before the coming of the Lakota, these grassy hills of the buffalo country had been the territory of the Mandan and Arikara, or "Rees," who were driven northward by the seven bands of the Lakota. The people here at Little Eagle are mostly descendants of the Hunkpapa band once led by Sitting Bull, who was killed just west of here, up the Grand River. The trail to his grave dies out in a graveyard of wrecked autos without tires, windshields shattered; beyond this place it disappears into the undergrowth, and the grave is lost. The once-mighty Hunkpapa, who had held the place of honor in the Indian camp on the Greasy Grass Creek before the great fight with Longhair, fell on bitter times after the death of Sitting Bull, and are considerably reduced in number.

Joe Flying By pointed to the highest hill, a flat-topped eminence off to the north. "That is Elkhorn Butte," he said. "That is where we go to make medicine, that is our medicine place. All I do myself are the pipe ceremonies, but other medicine men who go out into the hills, maybe they don't talk Lakota anymore, so they use me."

Joe's father had been a preacher, he said, and his older brother was an ordained minister. He shrugged. "I talk both ways, Indian way and Bible way; if you *really* know about them, they are the same. But people today don't know about either, and these are the ones causing trouble. Drinking so much, and using that weed—that used to be only for the medicine men. They don't know how to handle it, and they go crazy with it, and kill each other!" he exclaimed suddenly, with real pain.

A few weeks before, the big hairy man had appeared in Little Eagle for the third straight year, and more than forty people had seen him. "I think that the Big Man is kind of the husband of Unk-ksa, the Earth, who is wise in the way of anything with its own natural wisdom. Sometimes we say that this One is a kind of big reptile from the ancient times, who can take a big, hairy form; I also think he can change into a coyote. He is very powerful. Some of the people who saw him did not respect what they were seeing, they did not honor him, and they are already gone."

Not long before my arrival, the community had received an open letter from one of its young men, Dallas Thundershield, who was much impressed by his meeting with Leonard Peltier in prison:

> I like to express my inner feelings to all my people on Standing Rock. . . . We realize the importance of our culture, and the keeping of our ancestors' teaching, but we are so much into the white man's way of thinking that we too are beginning to think as them. What means more to your children and all the unborn, "land or money"? Myself, I believe that this land is not to be sold, but to live upon by all people. If this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

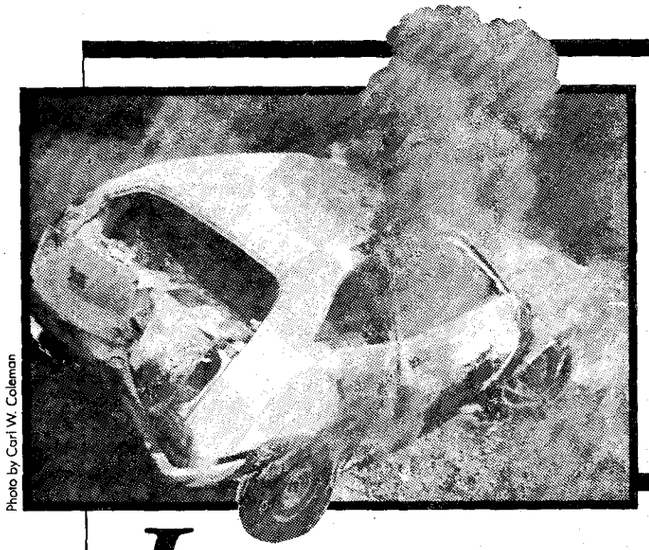
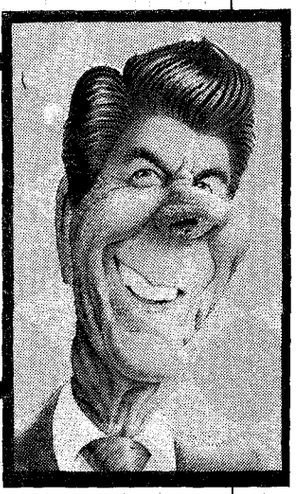


Photo by Carl W. Coleman

In 1977, We Told You Ford Pintos Had A Problem.



In 1980, We Told You That America Had A Problem.

Two stories couldn't be more different: In 1977, our story on the Ford Pinto uncovered a history of corporate irresponsibility. In 1980, our story on candidate Ronald Reagan accurately predicted the State of the Union a year in advance.

The Pinto story was investigative reporting at its most persistent and probing. The Reagan story was political coverage at its most provocative.

But the two stories do have at least one thing in common. They both appeared first in the pages of *Mother Jones*.

This mix of documentary-style exposé and wide-ranging commentary makes us unique on the U.S. scene. So do our on-the-spot reports and photo essays from the front-lines of social upheaval.

Mother Jones has won more than its share of editorial awards in the past six years.

But we refuse to rest on our laurels.

We were covering the vicious war in El Salvador 20 months before it hit the nation's front pages.

We've been called "one of the most engaging, uncompromising and nervy publications in America." But that doesn't surprise us either.

We never treat official opinion as Holy Writ. We don't butter up celebrities for a glimpse at their kitchen decor. We don't think politics or health issues or nuclear weapons are fads.

We take our job as journalists more seriously than that. And we extend the same respect to our 640,000 readers.

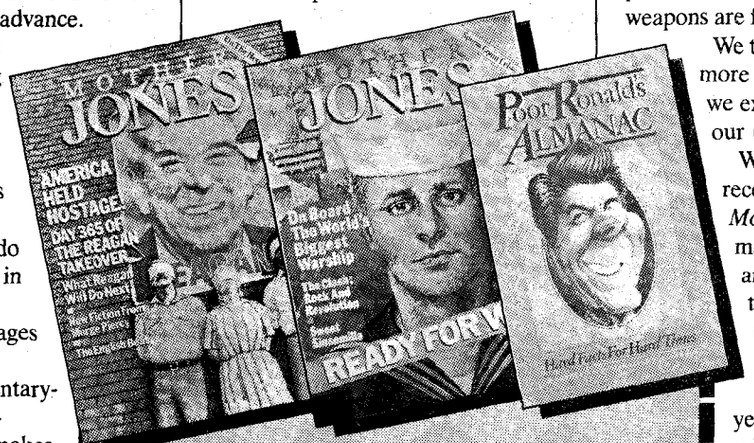
Which may be why, in a recent survey, they called *Mother Jones* "more informative," "more stimulating" and "more to-the-point" than any other magazine they depend on for news, information and opinion.

If you're not a reader yet, you should be. When you subscribe, we'll send you—*absolutely free*—**Poor Ronald's Almanac: Hard Facts for Hard Times.** This 64-page sourcebook is certain to start arguments as well as settle them.

Do it now.

Because we hate to point to a fiery wreck or a shattered economy and years later say we told you so.

Read *Mother Jones* and you'll be the first to know.



Poor Ronald's Almanac & *Mother Jones* Risk-Free

Please enter a one-year (10 issues) subscription in my name and bill me for $12—33% off the regular subscription price. Also send my *free* copy of *Poor Ronald's Almanac*. If I'm ever dissatisfied, for any reason, you'll refund my subscription for all unmailed copies.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Add $3 for delivery to Canada, and $4 for delivery to other countries.

Mother Jones, 1886 Haymarket Square, Marion, OH 43305

DWNTPP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land is sold, where would all your children live when the money is gone? People have died for these lands, so we too must at least show respect and keep the land or die.

"In the spirit of Leonard Peltier,"
Thundershield D. (Dog Soldier)

Joe Flying By was very pleased that the first sun dance in thirty-five years had been held at Little Eagle just the week before. "Four people dragged the buffalo skulls," he said, suggesting that I go up to the sun-dance grounds and look them over.

On a flat grassy mesa high above the south bank of the river stood the sacred tree—a young cottonwood, forty or fifty feet high, with a bundle of cherry branches at the fork—which had been taken to this treeless place and placed in the consecrated ground with ancient ceremonies. White, yellow, red and black cloths flew like pennants from the pole; strings of tobacco packets dedicated to the spirits, and broken thongs that had tugged and torn the breast and back skin of those sun dancers who had been pierced, ta-tacketed softly on the early summer wind that stirred the grass beneath the skeletons of tipis and sweat lodges. In the quiet of the evening mesa, acknowledging the sacred ceremony and the courage and pain of those who had circled under the sun, I stood at a distance in the twilight.

"It is not possible to know and understand our traditional way of life without knowing and understanding the sun dance . . . [which] is, among other things, a ceremony of renewal and restoration," says Chief Frank Fools Crow, the Lakota medicine man who restored the sun dance to the Pine Ridge Reservation in the 1950s. "The sun knows everything. To us it is like the Sacred Pipe. They are both instruments used by Wakan-Tanka, and they are the greatest instruments of service he has, next to the directions. But the sun is not God. The sun is something he created for the rest of creation. We respect it and pray to it because it watches over the world and sees everything that is going on. It also serves God by bestowing special gifts that it has upon the world. . . .

"We do face the sun and pray to God through the sun, asking for strength to complete the sun dance, and that all our prayers will be heard. As [we] continue to do this, we are able to see the sun with our eyes completely open. It doesn't blind us, and in it we see visions. No one should be surprised about this. Wonderful and mysterious things happen at the sun dances to prove that Wakan-Tanka's . . . powers are active in our midst. . . . What makes the real difference is that the pledgers are dancing, praying very hard, concentrating and calling for God's pity. People forget that, but what we do brings us great power."

Soon a pickup truck appeared, driving right up to the tree, and an Indian family in Sunday dress emerged, talking loudly and laughing; the man of the family wore his hair short like a white man's, and his four children ran around the sun-dance grounds, uncomprehending. Finally they drew near the tree itself, with its pennants and broken thongs lifting and falling on the evening breeze over the prairies. They fiddled and joked, then tugged the pennants and hide strings, until the mother, who had kept her distance, called out, alarmed, "You're not supposed to touch those things!" But the grinning father, ignoring the woman's warning, encouraged his children to poke fun, and said nothing at all when the oldest girl and loudest giggler grabbed the broken thongs that had fastened the circling dancers to the tree.

Again the mother cried, more urgently, "You're not supposed to touch those strings that are broke off—that's where they pierced themselves!" Her family paid her no attention. "They're all Christians up there now," Lame Deer had told me. And Joe Flying By, asked how the old people of Little Eagle accounted for the Big Man, had said shortly, "There are no more old people."

That night I slept on a high hill above the sun-dance grounds, where a prairie-dog town sloped down toward the river; not far to the west, in the dark bend of cottonwoods, was the site of the old Indian Agency where Sitting Bull was killed. At daylight, upland sandpipers flew overhead, their melodious dawn voices mixing with the sharp squeaks of the prairie dogs, which have mostly been poisoned on white man's lands but are still found on the Indian reservations.

From Standing Rock, the road led south and west to the Cheyenne River Reservation, coming down into Eagle Butte out of the high, open hills. From the top of a rise, a pickup could be seen in the far distance, perhaps five miles away, a bright metal glint at a T-fork where the road turned west toward the town. It was still there when I reached the top of the next rise, and again when I came over the last hill and rolled down to the crossing. Coming up behind, I stared into the back of the truck in disbelief. The old shoe soles and soiled clothes of a dozen bodies, tossed in like logs, filled the wooden truck bed; there was no visible twitch of life. Then the pickup door creaked open, and an Indian sagged out, as drunk as any man I ever saw who was still moving. He could not focus and he could not speak, just clung to the door window with both hands; behind him, three more bodies, as motionless as all the others, had been wedged between the front seat and the windshield.

After a moment, at a loss, I kept on going. Possibly the truck was broken down or out of gas or stalled, but it seemed more likely that the driver, ordered to halt by the stop sign at the crossroads, had simply run out of momentum, losing all track of where he was headed or why.

Eagle Butte is a dusty and decrepit settlement on a windswept plateau of old fields, abandoned farms and defunct autos; the people here mostly belong to the smallest of the Lakota bands—the Two Kettle, Sans Arc and Blackfoot. Sidney Keith, a spiritual leader, accepted a small offering of rough tobacco, saying, "Good! Now we can talk!" He told me that the Fort Laramie treaty of 1868 had been sanctified and sanctioned by Wakan Tanka because of the sacred tobacco smoked in the pipe; the white man had also smoked the sacred pipe, and therefore "our Treaty" (as it is known throughout the Lakota world) was inviolable and still valid, despite the white man's transgressions ever since. Of course, he said, there would always be Indians who wanted money for the land, who wanted to live like white men and who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be favored by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. "But the old traditional people who want to be Indians, they get nothing. You go south of here to those last real traditional full-blood communities like Cherry Creek, like Bridger, you can still find people living in old cars. They keep quiet, so they get nothing. North of here—well, you saw all that good range when you came through, all those breeds in their pickups; they get that good land for next to nothing because they cooperate with the B.I.A. When they get together, they don't even have powwows, they have rodeos; those people aren't Indians anymore, they're cowboys."

Sidney Keith shook his head, disgusted. "Now the B.I.A. is trying to eliminate our rural day schools; all the kids would have to come in here to Eagle Butte and sleep in dormitories, just like we had to do in the old days, when they were breaking up Indian families." He gazed at me, tired. "Wouldn't let you speak your own language—they would soap your mouth."

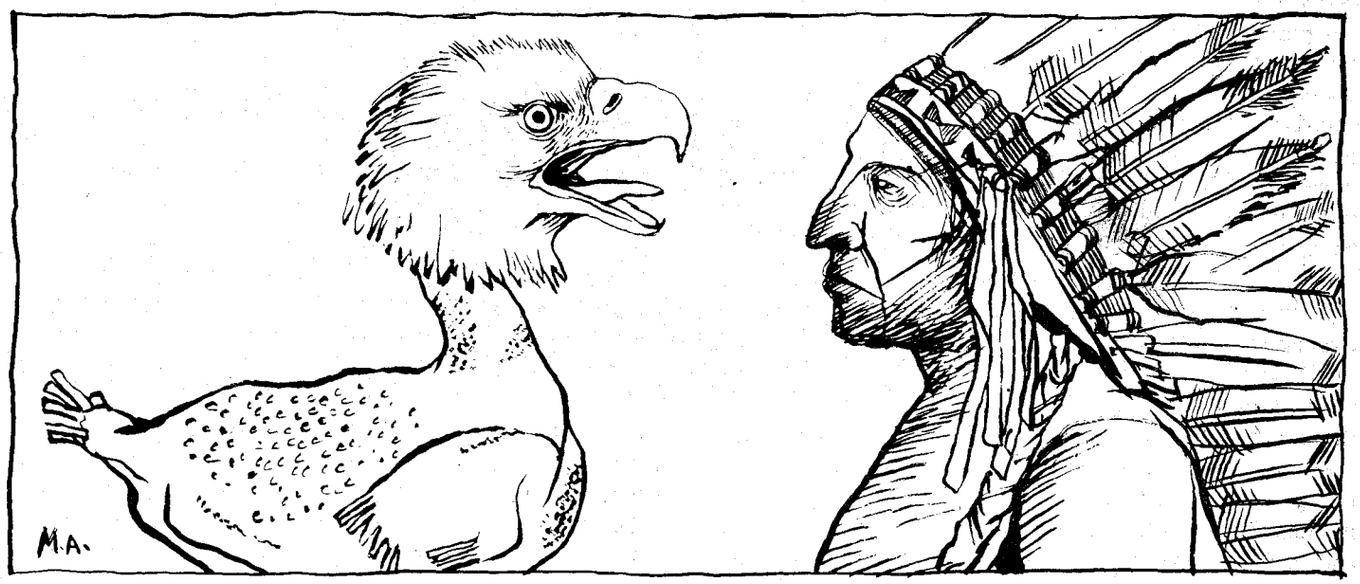
Sidney Keith said that the Big Man seen at Little Eagle might be Unk-cegi, which means literally "Earth Brown" or "Brown Shit"—the filth of Creation. Unk-cegi lived long, long ago, in the time of the great animals, but he had been covered up in the Great Flood, with all the other giants. "He was down there too deep to be saved by Noah," Sidney Keith observed drily. But all the mining, all these underground explosions of the white man's bombs, had made fissures in the earth and released not Unk-cegi but his spirit. "His bones are still down there. That's why Indians get so upset when burial grounds are disturbed, when the whole burying ceremony is interfered with; it isn't just a matter of disrespect. Disturbing the burial grounds the way the white man does releases those spirits.

"Unk-cegi was here when Indian man first came here. He seeks out Indian communities because he knew Indians in the Old Days, and he sought out Little Eagle because that is the worst place for drinking in Standing Rock, and maybe Cheyenne River, too. We drink too much in Eagle Butte, but not like that: even their old people are all drunk over there. Unk-cegi appeared to kids who smoke grass, and drunks and hotheads"—his shrug suggested that what he meant were people not taken seriously in the community—"nice people, some of 'em, but they do bad things. He won't appear to the good people; that's why Joe Flying By didn't see him. And he won't appear at the sun dance—that's a good circle."

Cherry Creek, perhaps fifteen miles off the main road, is so broken and scattered by poverty and neglect that it seems to have fallen from the high bluff on the north side of the Cheyenne River. The remnant full-blood Minnecojou here are descended from the people of Chief Big Foot, who was in Cherry Creek in December 1890 when fugitive Hunkpapa warriors arrived with the news of Sitting Bull's murder; from this place, Big Foot set out with his people on a winter trek of more than 150 miles across the Badlands toward the safety of the Oglala stronghold on Pine Ridge; they were intercepted by the Seventh Cavalry near the creek called Wounded Knee.

East of Cherry Creek, I swam in the Cheyenne River, not yet aware of its contamination from uranium-mine-tailings piles at Edgemont, in the southern Black Hills; from there I went south to the Rosebud Reservation to see Joe Eagle Elk, a *yuwipi* healer whom I had met the year before at a sweat-lodge purification and healing ceremony near Salt Lake City. At Rosebud, a broad highway much too large for the village was under construction, and Joe Eagle Elk commented sadly on the B.I.A.'s foolish use of Federal money. "Blacktop would have been good enough. We don't need all that heavy concrete; we need jobs around here, something to do. That money could have been so much better spent." He shrugged his shoulders. "The people here, they've grown used to saying nothing; they just accept what is done for them—or *to* them, maybe—and they don't complain no more."

It had been raining off and on all day, and at his house in the Grass Mountain community, Joe Eagle Elk spoke of the unseasonable summer floods that were expected to rise again that evening; the river road was now impassable, and the road I had taken from St. Francis was already half washed away. Up on the mesa to the southwest, lightning



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appeared as fiery cracks in a heavy blackness, and soon an Indian policeman came to warn the community that torrential rains were expected in the next few hours. To avoid being trapped, I considered leaving the car on the far side of the low place in the road, but Joe Eagle Elk advised against it; not long before, a local Indian whose car had broken down returned to it only half an hour later to find its headlights and windows all smashed in. "It is not a good place here now, I tell you that," Joe Eagle Elk said mildly; he is a very gentle and soft-spoken man, with burn scars on his neck and face and nervous hands. "I don't blame the young people; it's not their fault. They want a lot of things that they see on TV, but there are no jobs for them anywhere, nothing for them to do, and meanwhile everything is so expensive. All they have is their anger. It's not their fault. I don't know whose fault it is," he concluded, in that gentle, shy, remorseless voice of Indians. "Maybe the government."

Uneasy, he lifted his cap to scratch his head. "This has been a bad summer. These bad floods—I never seen anything like that before. And they change everything along the river. Before, every tree looked familiar, everything I saw. I used to say to myself as I passed along here, That's where so-and-so is buried; and I'd know everything was in its place. But since the floods, everything here looks different, it's like I was in a new country." Joe shrugged again, trying to laugh. "Maybe that's O.K. All these old places that my eye remembered had sad memories of the people who were gone. Maybe it's a good thing that Nature would come along and change everything, clear all that away, and start again." Of the Big Man, Joe Eagle Elk said, "It seems maybe he has got a good heart. He has never hurt nobody. A lot of people over there at Little Eagle, they been shooting at him instead of trying to exchange words and ask *why* he is coming around. Maybe he is trying to tell us what he wants and where he comes from; maybe he is bringing news for us, a warning."

With the thunder and forked lightning ranging all over the night horizon, I made my way through rain squalls to the town of Mission, where I spent the night in an Indian motel. At Mission the streets were full of puddles, but the big rains had already rushed through and the night was clearing, and the next morning early, the sun rose on empty streets; the few human figures were lone Indians. One young woman in tight black sateen and heavy makeup was yowling angrily and pounding at the door of a ramshackle big building, and as I walked past, a man seated peacefully on a curb at the street corner looked up at me, shrugging his shoulders. "She lost her key," he explained to me gently, concerned and embarrassed for the girl at the same time.

A sun dance was being held that day in a hidden valley between hills, west of Rosebud village. The sky was fresh and blue after the black rainstorms of the night before, and a clear breeze dispelled the heat from the pine-bough shade built around the sun-dance circle. In the center of the circle stood the sacred tree, a sapling cottonwood ceremonially decorated with the red, black, yellow and white colors that represent the four directions and also the four races of man, each placed on the continent where it belonged by the Creator. An old man in a blue shirt stood with his back to the tree, addressing the twelve dancers in Lakota; the line of painted dancers included two or three young children and two old women. In the shade, four men were beating on the big Plains drum as the sun dancers stamped forward and back, blowing eagle-bone whistles; the women wore buckskin, the men, bare to the waist, were in colored skirts, and all wore thong anklets and sage crowns in their hair.

In midmorning on this first day of the four-day ceremony, fewer than fifty people had turned up. There were no white people among them, and because strangers might not be welcome, I stood back a little from the gallery where the Indians were sitting in the shade. Soon a big old man with a big-nosed Lakota face and a long braid of gray hair waved me in closer, and after a moment asked bluntly what had brought me. When I told him why I was traveling on the reservations, the old man nodded, then politely explained certain details of the sun dance, which was being led by a portly, powerful young Indian in red neckerchief, blue singlet and faded jeans pulled together by a beaded belt.

After a little while, the old man said, "My name is Chief Eagle Feather, Bill Schweigman. I'm the last living traditional chief." Somewhere I had heard that Eagle Feather's vision had been the inspiration for the Longest Walk, the 3,000-mile march across the country in the spring and summer of 1978 in protest against new anti-Indian legislation and also the mass removal of traditional Navajo people from their land around Big Mountain, Arizona. Out of respect for Leonard Peltier, the Longest Walk had paused to demonstrate before the walls of the Federal prison in Marion, Illinois.

Between dances, we were approached by the sun-dance leader, and Bill Schweigman introduced Chief Leonard Crow Dog, whom he said he had ordained as a medicine man. Crow Dog's shy grin and self-effacing manner did not go with the hard squint that looked me over. He is admired by most supporters of AIM, which he was the first medicine man to endorse, and he is a leader in the Native American Church, which uses peyote in its rituals, but he is criticized by other spiritual leaders for using his healing power the wrong way. However, the atmosphere felt good, and besides, I had learned that these days, at least (Fools Crow says it was not always so), Indians often bad-mouth one another with such brutal gossip that two groups rarely work together very long. Praise of one medicine man by another is almost unheard-of, especially if the man becomes well known; even Black Elk, the revered Oglala prophet, was dismissed as a "catechism teacher" and "cigar-store Indian" by the late John Fire Lame Deer, and John Fire himself was widely criticized for his dedication to hard drink and stray women, which he pursued to the very end of his long life. "They respect me not because I'm good but because I have power," he once said.

In the pine-bough shadows, Crow Dog and Eagle Feather sat surrounded by young disciples of both sexes. Speaking in English with scraps of Lakota, they cracked sexual jokes,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jeered at "bobtailed" Indians who wore their hair short and laughed about a white friend of Crow Dog's who tended to faint in the sun dance at the sight of blood. "What's the matter, I told her," Eagle Feather said. "You see your own blood every month, don't you?" Everyone laughed. Such joking is expected at a sun dance, which touches on fertility and renewal, and there was more talk about blood, together with rough teasing of the young acolytes, most of whom, despite wind bands and beads, appeared to be whites.

Now Crow Dog turned to give me a bad smile; his shy manner had disappeared entirely. I met Crow Dog's gaze without expression, at a loss to deal with his hostility, with which I was sympathetic in the first place: for all he knew, I might be an agent of the F.B.I. After years of harassment as an AIM spokesman, he was naturally suspicious of white strangers, having spent twenty-seven months in prison for actions that would not have been "crimes" had a white man committed them. For Leonard Crow Dog, as for so many Indians, a white stranger is regarded as an enemy until he proves himself to be a friend.

Soon the dancing resumed, and Crow Dog returned into the circle. This first day of the sun dance, Eagle Feather said, would be dedicated to one of the most sincere of his young sun dancers, who had returned here a few months ago on leave from the Navy, only to be murdered by three drunks in St. Francis. "They bashed his head in," Eagle Feather said disgustedly. "White men?" I asked before I thought, and he stared at me, surprised. "No, no," he said. "Injuns." We fell silent awhile, watching the dancing. Despite the small crowd and the small, uneven line of dancers, the ardor of the participants was stirring. In these sunny hills, under the blue sky of the prairies, the chanting dancers moved back and forth in pounding step, raising fingers to the sun on extended arms, the drums and wistful voices pierced by the shrill eagle-bone whistles. One of the young men had scars over his nipples, the marks of flesh offerings made to Wakan Tanka in other years. "They'll be pierced on Sunday," Chief Eagle Feather told me. "The bloody day is Sunday."

From Rosebud, I headed west into the Pine Ridge Reservation, a tract of dry country just north of the Nebraska border that is one of the largest Indian reservations in the United States. There I visited with Petaga, or Pete Catches, a respected holy man who has strongly supported the fight of the traditional Lakota people to regain their treaty land in the Black Hills. Pete Catches lives in a small cabin on an open hillside north of Pine Ridge village. A gaunt man in a lavender shirt with an intelligent, sensitive face, he regarded me peacefully for a time before inviting me into the disheveled room with the dart board on the wall and the monastic iron cot that stood out away from the wall over toward one corner. Next to the cot sat a small traveling bag, not so much packed as not-unpacked, as if Pete Catches were ready to depart Pine Ridge with the first person who made the suggestion. "This nation," he said, and stopped to glare at me. "This nation—I can't say *my* nation, because they stole it away from me." He waved his arm in sudden anger. "They cheated and lied, and broke every treaty, even the sacred treaty that protected the Black Hills." The medicine man subsided suddenly and became silent, composing himself.

"We've come to an age when we should know better what we are doing," Pete Catches resumed softly, in the silence that followed his meditations on the Big Man, who was trying to save mankind, he said, from the great cataclysm the Indian people knew was coming. "We must now try to understand what is wrong with us, why we have to tamper with and change the forests and the land. We have done this too long—not us, but the white man. Let's not walk on the moon, then fail to understand what this Creation is all about. This is life, this is beautiful, everything is the way it should be."

That night I camped on a mesa north of the Badlands, where at daylight a flock of sharp-tailed grouse scratched the dew-softened dirt that with a dry sun would turn to the color of sand; in the western distance, sharp in the early light, the Black Hills rose in a dark wall from the golden rises of the Plains. As Standing Bear wrote in *Land of the Spotted Eagle*:

> This beautiful region, of which the Lakota thought more than any other spot on earth, caused him the most pain and misery. These hills were to become prized by the white people for reasons far different from those of the Lakota. To the Lakota the magnificent forests and splendid herds were incomparable in value. To the white man everything was

Humanities in Society

announces a special double issue

Militarism and War

An interdisciplinary study of the history of war, the nuclear arms race, and the economic and moral consequences of warfare.

Contents:

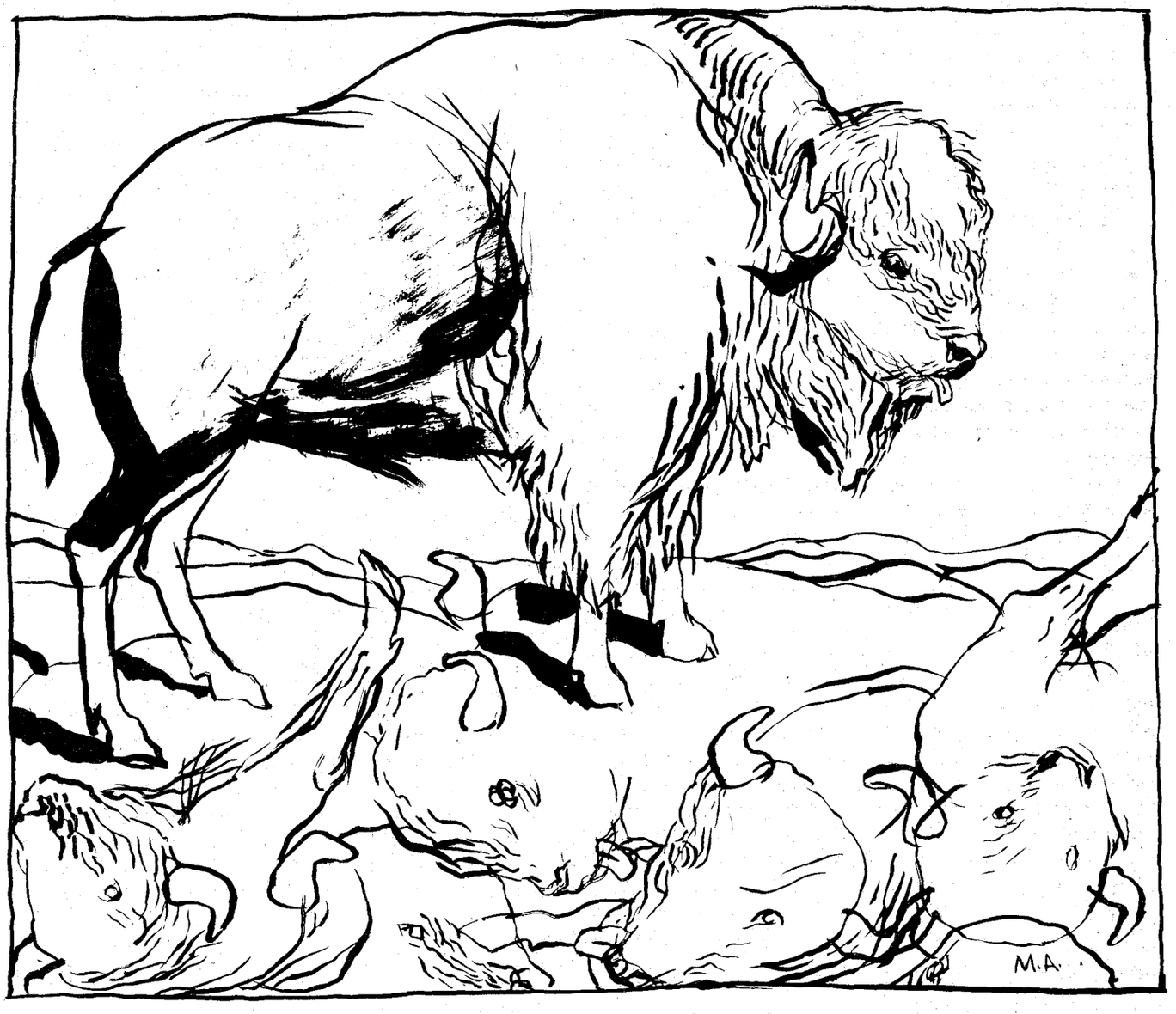
Katherine S. Kovács, "Militarism and War"
Robert Anchor, "War and the Social Order"
Jean Bethke Elshtain, "Women as Mirror and Other: Toward a Theory of Women, War, and Feminism"
James M. Cypher, "Ideological Hegemony and Modern Militarism: The Origins and Limits of Military Keynesianism"
Sheila Tobias, Shelah Leader, and Peter Goudinoff, "Dilemmas of Modern Weaponry"
Victor W. Sidel, M.D., "The Effects on Health and Health Care of Expenditures on Arms"
William Aiken, "Realpolitik, Morality, and International Affairs"
Louis René Beres, "Human Rights and World Order: The United States Imperative"
Joel Federman, "Toward a World Peace Movement"
A. Fainberg, "Scientists, Humanists, and Militarism"
Carol B. Thompson, "The Social Context of Scientific Research"

For a copy send a check for $10 to the Center for the Humanities, THH 326, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, CA 90089. One-year subscription, $20; two-year, $32. Future issues will focus on Religion and Politics; Race, Class, and Culture; Marxists and the University; Sexuality, Violence, and Pornography; and Michel Foucault on Power, Knowledge, History. Recent issues on The Politics of Literacy, Psychoanalysis and Interpretation, and Social Justice are available for $8 each.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

valueless except the gold in the hills. Toward the Indian the white people were absolutely devoid of sentiment, and when a people lack sentiment they are without compassion. So down went the Black Forest and to death went the last buffalo, noble animal and immemorial friend of the Lakota. As for the people who were as native to the soil as the forest and the buffalo—well, the gold seekers did not understand them and never have. The white man will never know the horror and the utter bewilderment of the Lakota at the wanton destruction of the buffalo. What cruelty has not been glossed over with the white man's word—enterprise!

I headed westward to the original homeland of the Minnecojou, that valley of the Rapid River on the eastern slope of the Black Hills where the concrete and neon conglomerate called Rapid City squats today. From Rapid City, a road climbs into Nemo Canyon, a beautiful steep-sided valley where the recent discovery of uranium-bearing rock had set off a whole new wave of mining claims on national forest land that by the terms of the 1868 treaty belongs to the Lakota nation. From the upper canyon, in the heart of the Black Hills, a ridge route winds southward around high blue lakes that freshen the dry piney forests; on the higher ridges, a few mountain goats persist, and the rare cougar. It was now July, and the highways were churning with tourists, drawn from near and far to such scenic wonders as Sitting Bull Crystal Cave, Wonderful Wonderland Cave, Black Hills Holy Land, Inc. ("Approved Attraction") and "Crazy Horse: A Mighty Monument in the Making" (where a man for whom no likeness exists—he never let himself be photographed or painted—is being "portrayed" on a huge and vulgar scale above the rubble of a sacred mountain). Keystone, a honky-tonk town with loudspeaker tin music and billboard facades, is tacked together by fast-food emporiums and Golden West "trading posts" stuffed with Indian-type art made mostly in Hong Kong, Taiwan and New Jersey. Beyond Keystone, the road climbs through the ancient forest to a vast parking lot and shopping and tourist center, from which the pilgrim may elevate his gaze to the mountain home of the great thunder beings, now Mount Rushmore, home of the most enormous novelties in the whole world. What does this Mount Rushmore mean to us Indians? asked John Fire Lame Deer.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It means that these big white faces are telling us, "First we gave you Indians a treaty that you could keep these Black Hills forever, as long as the sun would shine, in exchange for all of the Dakotas, Wyoming and Montana. Then we found the gold and took this last piece of land, because we were stronger, and there were more of us than there were of you, and because we had cannons and Gatling guns, while you hadn't even progressed far enough to make a steel knife. And when you didn't want to leave, we wiped you out, and those of you who survived we put on reservations. And then we took the gold out, a billion bucks, and we aren't through yet. And because we like the tourist dollars, too, we have made your sacred Black Hills into one vast Disneyland. And after we did all this we carved up this mountain, the dwelling place of your spirits, and put our four gleaming white faces here. We are the conquerors."

One man's shrine is another man's cemetery, except that now a few white folks are also getting tired of having to look at this big paperweight curio. We can't get away from it. You could make a lovely mountain into a great paperweight, but can you make it into a wild, natural mountain again? I don't think you have the know-how for that. . . . Maybe it's not too late to put an elevator under this whole shrine of democracy—press a button and the whole monument disappears. And once a week—say, every Sunday from nine to eleven—you press the button again and those four heads come up again with the music going full blast. The guys who got an astronaut on the moon should be able to do this much for us Indians, artists and nature lovers.

At the visitors' center, postcards of "Black Elk at Mount Rushmore" are available to historically inclined tourists; the postcards suggest Indian approval of this desecration of Indian sacred grounds and neglect to say that the sad-faced man in movie-Indian regalia with the four huge faces of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt looming behind him is not the renowned spiritual leader but his son Ben. The alert visitor may notice that Mount Rushmore is unusually well guarded, due to the recurrent fear that redskin terrorists or other unpatriotic types might try to obliterate this monument to the westward course of empire.

I found a soft pine-needle bed in a ponderosa pine grove in the shadow of Harney Peak, the highest in the Hills, named in honor of Lieut. Gen. William S. Harney, who fought against the Seminoles in Florida, then traveled west to war on the Lakota; General Harney was among the U.S. commissioners who signed the treaty that reserved these Hills for the Indians forever.

As an old man, in 1931, Black Elk had climbed to Harney Peak to offer prayer: "Hey-a-a-hey! Hey-a-a-hey! Hey-a-a-hey! Grandfather, Great Spirit, once more behold me on earth and lean to hear my feeble voice. . . . Hear me in my sorrow, for I may never call again. O make my people live!"

To Harney Peak came a wild wind and rain, and hollow reverberations of heat lightning, with mountain spirits roaring through the pine tops, but in the morning, two deer waited, expectant, on the woods road down the far side of the mountain. Where the foothills leveled gently westward into the sage plains of Wyoming, pronghorn antelope drifted like cloud shadows on the grass, and a young golden eagle—the sacred "spotted eagle" of the Lakota—sailed on straight strong wings down the warm wind, toward the old Powder River hunting grounds and the Big Horn Mountains. □

REAGAN'S INDIAN POLICY

Speaking With Forked Tongue

ART WINSLOW

President Reagan describes the objectives of his Indian policy—formally unveiled last month—with high-sounding phrases: "encouraging self-government," reducing "dependence," giving Indians "control over their own affairs." In other words, a kind of New Federalism, Indian style.

His Secretary of the Interior was less elegant. In an interview, James Watt said that life on Indian reservations today provides a better example of "the failures of socialism" than the Soviet Union. Watt charged that Indian leaders "are interested in keeping this group of people assembled on a desert environment, where there are no jobs, no agricultural potential, no water, because if the Indians were allowed to be liberated, they'd go out and get a job and that guy wouldn't have his government handout."

Watt's remarks touched off demands for his resignation among the Indian leaders he was presumably referring to. They suspect that what Reagan and Watt really want is to get Indians off the government's back by pandering to their desire for independence while ignoring their needs.

Many of the nation's 1.4 million Native Americans have bitter memories of Washington's policy of "termination" in the 1950s, which called for rescinding some tribes' legal recognition and ending their members' right to receive aid through Federal programs specifically for Indians. Now Indians see the government promoting a different sort of termination, what the Indian journal *Wassaja* called "sophisticated termination." This policy employs the subtler technique of economic strangulation by gradually shrinking all Federal programs that aid Indians.

Even before the President's homily on self-reliance and Watt's jeremiad against reservation "socialism," the impact of Reagan budget cuts had been painfully obvious to the Indians. Although Federal programs for Indians made up only 0.4 percent of Jimmy Carter's proposed 1982 budget, the Reaganites singled out these programs for 2.9 percent of their proposed budget cuts. Funding of all Federal programs affecting Indians in the 1983 fiscal year totals $2.7 billion, compared with $3.4 billion in 1982—a drop of 22 percent.

The reductions hit all manner of programs—CETA, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, the Bureau of Indian Affairs—but consider just one of them: Community Health Representatives, who perform health services on remote

Art Winslow is a writer and editor living in New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reservations. This program took a 21 percent cut in 1982 and was eliminated entirely from the 1983 budget.

At the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, home of the Oglala Sioux and the second most populated reservation in the country, C.H.R.s deliver a variety of vital health services, from administering insulin shots to providing transportation for kidney dialysis patients and heart attack victims. Says Robert Tony Fast Horse, executive director of the Oglala Sioux, "We have an area fifty miles wide and ninety miles long, 18,000 to 19,000 people, and we are going to be losing lives here."

Both houses of Congress recommended the restoration of C.H.R. funding, and the Senate Select Committee on Indian Affairs warned, "In the absence of this program, many Indians will simply be without access to any health services." The Senate proposed allocating $25 million for C.H.R.s, and the House $23 million; both figures represent a considerable drop from the $39 million for the program in the last Carter budget.

Presumably the Administration considers the termination of this small program one way of reducing the Indians' "dependence." The House Interior Appropriations Subcommittee takes another view: "Self-determination and economic self-sufficiency cannot be achieved when the most basic needs such as adequate health care, decent housing and adequate education have not yet been met." And as Robert Tony Fast Horse says, "We realize that we need to be accountable, but just when we were becoming accountable, the funds were withdrawn, leaving us with a whole lot of accountability and no resources to account for."

Examples from reservations across the nation demonstrate that sophisticated termination is leaving Indians' basic needs unmet. They make up a harvest of misery.

Item: Federal funding for the Spokane Indians' jobs and job-training program has been cut to less than one third of its 1981 level, even though unemployment on the reservation stands at 75 percent. Cuts in Federal funding for the Colville tribe's $24 million-a-year logging industry, combined with the effects of the slump in the housing industry, resulted in the layoff of one third of its employees.

Item: From October 1981 to October 1982, the welfare caseload rose by 66 percent among the Salt River Pima-Maricopas, by 156 percent among the Colorado River Indian tribes and by 110 percent among San Carlos Apaches. Unemployment ranged from 16 percent to 75 percent on reservations throughout Arizona.

Item: The Navajo, the country's largest tribe, with 160,000 members living on its reservation, lost $152 million in Federal aid during 1982. At the same time, unemployment more than doubled—it was 37 percent in mid-1981 and is now approximately 75 percent. A report by the tribe's Division of Community Development predicts that only 17,000 of the 83,000 people in the labor force will have jobs this year.

Item: Unemployment on Montana's Crow reservation is estimated at more than 80 percent, up from 62 percent last April. Similar figures apply among the Standing Rock Sioux in North and South Dakota and the Chippewas in Minnesota. Following a loss of 1,200 CETA jobs, unemployment at the Pine Ridge Reservation rose from 56 percent in 1981 to 72 percent in 1982, according to tribal estimates.

Item: One hundred kindergarten and elementary school children on the Penobscot reservation attend a school designed for fifty. The building does not meet state safety standards and its 5,511 square feet of floor space is less than the area that the B.I.A. requires for a basketball court at a new school. The tribe relies on profits from beano games on the reservation for one quarter of its operating budget.

The Penobscots aren't the only tribe compelled to resort to such measures. Dan Bomberry, director of the privately funded Tribal Sovereignty Program, which gives seed money to Native American projects, says, "We are seeing people in desperation going after oddball forms of economic activity. There has been a big push on bingo; the Mowapa Paiutes outside of Las Vegas wanted to put a whorehouse on the reservation; and the Fort Mojaves even considered having a hazardous waste dump on the reservation. These are all indications that people are hurting financially, and are looking for a quick fix."

But the Administration ignores these signs of Indian impoverishment. It sees the tribes sitting on a huge underground treasure. In his Indian policy statement, President Reagan said that the tribes "stand to gain from the prudent development and management of the vast coal, oil, gas, uranium and other resources found on Indian lands." It is true that many reservations are rich in energy reserves or minerals. Though they make up only 2.4 percent of the area of the continental United States, these lands contain an estimated 25 percent of the country's mineral wealth. But this supposed El Dorado is as illusory as the one the conquistadors sought.

The time it will take to develop the resources aside, only 37 of the 283 tribes recognized by the Federal government have energy or mineral reserves on their land, and of these, two thirds have them in large quantities. Furthermore, some tribes own only a small portion of their reservations. On the Crow reservation, for example, there is an estimated 11 billion tons of recoverable coal, but the tribe owns just 22 percent of the land.

The Administration's defenders also argue that the budget cuts in Indian programs have been minimal. They point out that the B.I.A. budget for 1981 was $1.13 billion, while the President's 1983 budget allocates $1.05 billion. The Indian Health Service's budget has actually been increased from $606.3 million in 1981 to $613.3 million in 1983.

But these figures are misleading. Take the apparently small cut in the B.I.A. budget. The bureaucrats administered them in a way that shifted the impact from themselves to their clients. As John Lewis, executive director of the Arizona Inter-Tribal Council, explains: "The 5 percent reduction in B.I.A. funds sounds great relative to other Administration cuts, but the first reaction of the B.I.A. was to set up a consolidated grants program. Most of the cutting was done in the consolidated grants, the programs run by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the tribes. The bureaucracy tended to look out for itself."

Robert Tony Fast Horse adds that the B.I.A. cuts "will fantail out; we're at the bottom, and the percentage cut at the administrative level will come out to four times as much here."

A couple of examples will show the real impact of the cuts:

§ The $20 million reduction in B.I.A. education funding from the 1981 level will likely mean the end of special programs for Indian children who do not live on or near a reservation.

§ A 1981 B.I.A. study found that 92,200 Indian families were in need of housing assistance and recommended building 60,200 new houses and renovating 32,000 existing structures. Now, because of cuts in appropriations, the bureau's Housing Improvement Program can afford to build only 670 houses and renovate 4,260 others this year. Normally, funds for housing would come from the Department of Housing and Urban Development, which in the past has built 90 percent of all new Indian housing. But HUD's programs for Indian housing have been cut from $321 million in 1981 to $32 million for the current fiscal year.

The HUD example points up another flaw in the minimal-cuts argument. More than half ($1.87 billion) of all the Federal aid Indians received last year was from programs not administered by the B.I.A. It came from the Departments of Commerce, Education and Labor and from other agencies. These programs have been cut by 38 percent between 1981 and 1983.

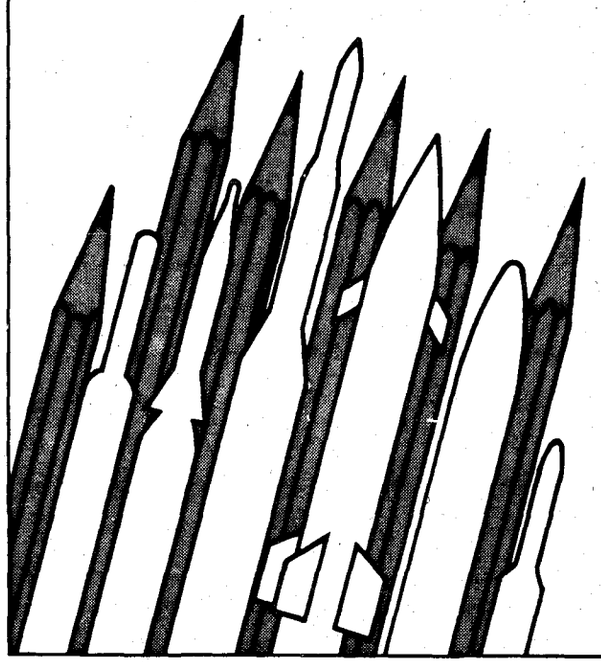
As for the apparent increase in the Indian Health Service's funding, this also turns out to be pie in the sky. When allowance is made for inflation, the amount is actually lower than it was in 1981. Meanwhile, health care costs have soared by 12 percent a year, and the Indians' needs have also risen. Senate hearings last year showed that the mortality rate from alcohol-related causes among Indians is twenty-two times higher than the national average; Indians die from tuberculosis at six times the rate for non-Indians; the suicide rate among Indians is twice the national average. Furthermore, nearly half of the forty-eight hospitals operated by the I.H.S. were built before World War II and are badly in need of repairs; they are also severely understaffed.

And there are other blows in store for the Indians. The Administration is supporting the Ancient Indian Land Claims Settlement Act (S2084; HR5494), which would transfer land suits filed by Indians in New York State and South Carolina from the Federal courts to the Secretary of the Interior or the U.S. Court of Claims. Tribes would be paid what the land was worth at the time it was taken—plus 2 percent to 5 percent simple interest—and would relinquish all other claims. In light of the $106 million awarded to the Sioux for the Black Hills, the $81.5 million a Federal judge gave the Passamaquoddy, Penobscot and Malisset Indians in Maine and the $4.5 million won by the Narragansetts in Rhode Island in recent years, James Watt would be able to save the government a bundle under the new law. And do it in a very sophisticated way. □

WAR, PEACE & THE NEWS MEDIA

A conference at New York University exploring the role of the news media in providing information on the arms race and Soviet-American relations.

March 18th-19th, 1983



Organized by the Department of Journalism, with a grant from the Gannett Foundation. For journalists (both print and broadcast); academicians and policymakers; students of journalism, politics and international relations.

Advisory Board: Hodding Carter, Walter Cronkite, James Fallows, Robert MacNeil, Frank Mankiewicz, Bill Moyers, Tom Pettit, and John Seigenthaler

Participants: Reporters William Beecher, Peter Brestrup, Barrie Dunsmore, Anne Garrels, Drew Middleton, Judith Miller, Tom Powers; SALT negotiator Ralph Earle; Defense analyst Sidney Drell; Stephen Hess; and more.

Friday, March 18th (8:00 pm-10:00 pm)
- News Media Coverage of Weapons and Negotiations

Saturday, March 19th (9:30 am-4:45 pm)
- A News Media Portrait of Soviet Strategy (9:30-noon)
- The Journalists at State and Defense (1:30-3:00 pm)
- Are War and Peace the Same Beat? (3:15-4:45 pm)

Registration: Preregister by February 18th so that conference materials can be mailed in advance. Registration fee, including conference papers: $50. Students: $15. Saturday lunch optional: $10. Please send your name, address, business phone and professional affiliation with your check made out to New York University to: War, Peace & the News Media, Dept. of Journalism, 1021 Main Building, NYU, New York, NY 10003. For more information contact Pamela Abrams at (212) 598-3791.

New York University
a private university in the public service

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Are Feminists Sexist?

BARBARA EHRENREICH

WOMEN, REASON AND NATURE: Some Philosophical Problems with Feminism. *By Carol McMillan. Princeton University Press. 165 pp. $17.50.*

Is it possible, in 1982, to get a tract against feminism, abortion, contraception and equal education for women published by a prestigious university press? With Carol McMillan's *Women, Reason and Nature*, we have the answer. Yes, it is possible, at least if the tract is endorsed by a tenured political scientist, stiffened with snippets of English analytic philosophy and larded with quotes from the Great Names of Western Philosophy, Aristotle through Wittgenstein.

McMillan's slender volume rides in to us on what is, if not exactly a wave of "postfeminism," at least a nasty undertow. Betty Friedan has announced the onset of a "second stage" in which feminists will devote themselves to family life. Jean Bethke Elshtain (the political scientist who provides the sole blurb on McMillan's cover) has recently come up with a third and, I think, *end*-stage version of feminism in which female activists will clamor, from the security of their kitchens, for increased *male* wages. Worse, as Susan Bolotin reported recently in *The New York Times Magazine*, a new generation of privileged young women has grown up thinking that feminism is something that peaked when they were eight years old and that all women are now free to pursue both brilliant careers and sensitive, successful young men. Observing these trendlets from the towers of Princeton University Press, some canny acquisitions editor must have seen in McMillan's manuscript an opportunity to corner the market in postfeminist chic.

McMillan, who writes from King's College in London, goes further than any of our local postfeminist thinkers have dared to venture. Her major thesis is not that feminism is misguided, as Elshtain claims, but that feminism is, in fact, its opposite. Briefly, sexism proceeds from a cognitive error, an inability to see what have been female activities (child-raising, cooking, etc.) as *human* activities. As she puts it, "much unashamed prejudice against women may have been based not so much on male pride or a lust for power as on a philosophical conception of the distinction between human beings and animals." Feminists, insofar as they have shown an inclination to get out of the house and into the "man's world," also suffer from "a false perception of the distinction between human beings and animals." So we arrive at the basic commonality between sexists and feminists: neither group can tell the difference between women and livestock.

Fortunately, it is the business of philosophers to clear up errors like this. Why do sexists (and feminists) confuse women with animals? Because they are confused about the nature of reason, which McMillan introduces as the hallmark of humanness. Sexists (and feminists) have been laboring under the mistaken impression that traditionally female activities are animated by nothing more than brute instinct. Well, McMillan sets them straight. These activities do involve reasoning, she establishes in several pages of tortured philosophical argument; women perform these activities; ergo, women are human. "A woman baking bread thus distinguishes herself from an animal as clearly as does a philosopher cogitating in isolation." I would have been content to point out that animals do not cook and that very few of them can be induced to raise human children, but Ockham's razor does not seem to be one of the tools of analytic philosophy as taught at King's College.

If McMillan had stopped here she would have delivered her *coup de grace* to feminism while simultaneously winning distinction in Wittgensteinian circles as a friend and champion of women. But she goes on to what can only be taken as a defense of sexism. "There can be little doubt," she observes evenhandedly, "that feminists do succeed in showing there is something unjust in sexism," but they have focused for too long on its unpleasant side, and in doing so "they encourage a view of sexism which makes it impossible to see the motivation for adopting a sexist position as anything other than a sort of will to power." An elucidation of the bright side of sexual bigotry, and of the status quo in general, follows for the next hundred pages.

Consider, for a start, McMillan's defense of social roles, bearing in mind that it is sex roles which are really at stake. Wittgenstein is introduced to establish that language is impossible without some kind of deep social agreement, or "commonality of men." Roles, which we ordinarily think of as differentiating people, turn out to be the glue for this commonality because, McMillan tells us, "the structure of a social role emphasizes the individual in so far as he is on a level with others." You might, naïvely, have thought we could get a little more commonality with a few less roles; certainly the master-slave or boss-worker roles have not been known to foster effective communication. But, no, we cannot bypass differentiation to get to commonality, which, eerily, sometimes gets equated with "symmetry." So, if you throw out roles, especially sex roles, you throw out language—though at this point in the line of reasoning it hardly matters: if you throw around enough arguments like this, most readers will be left speechless anyway.

What happens, somewhere in the middle of *Women, Reason and Nature*, is that McMillan becomes much less interested in "reason" (both as a category and a method) and more deeply involved in "nature." It is "nature" that justifies the more trivial sexual conventions, since all social conventions "aim to make sense" of "the natural facts," including "the obvious differences between the sexes." Whether other conventions, such as the practice of placing the salad plate to the diner's left, are also rooted in nature is not explained. But once nature is ensconced as the arbiter of "sexual convention," then the door is open to the crudest biologisms in the long tradition of sexist ideology.

Higher education, for example, runs into trouble: although child-raising demands reason, it does not demand too *much* reason, or at least not of the kind that one might ordinarily apply to the writing of a dissertation. We learn that feminism "has unfortunately exacerbated [women's] difficulties as mothers, because they are taught to

Barbara Ehrenreich is the author of the forthcoming The Hearts of Men: American Dreams and the Flight from Commitment *(Anchor Press/Doubleday).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

focus their attention exclusively on methods [of thinking] which are alien to, and counterproductive in, the concerns and responsibilities they face in their relations with their children." In case this is not enough, Rousseau is brought in for thirty-five pages of testimony on the side of nature and against the harmful effects of unisex education. Contraception and abortion have to go, because they defy the "natural" link between sex and procreation. Feminism is not only destructive but also futile, like having a tantrum about endocrinology: "It is as if we should imagine a man prosecuting a natural object, like a tree, for falling on his son and killing him."

I have to say, on the authority of my rapidly depreciating Ph.D. in biology, that this kind of argument, whether offered by McMillan or Decter or Gilder or Rousseau, gives nature a bad name. It is true that nature gave women uteruses and men mustaches, that sex can lead to conception and that child-raising involves skills (such as being able to hear out a feature-length oral rendition of *E.T.* without apparent inattention, or to remove chewing gum from human hair) that are not inculcated in places of higher learning. But it is also true that nature gave women some twenty or thirty years to live beyond the peak of uterine efficiency, and that in the case of humans nature took singular care to *separate* sex from procreation. Unlike other primates, we are not impelled to intercourse at our fertile periods; we can achieve sexual satisfaction at times when we are infertile and through methods that can in no way lead to conception. Furthermore, nature gave us opposable thumbs, an upright stance and, with these, the ingenuity to construct various barriers to conception—as women have been doing, with more or less success, for thousands of years. If discussions about women's status are going to hinge on divinations of nature's intentions, then it could be plausibly argued that nature intended women to have a good time, and that it is culture that tends to get in the way.

Since nature turns out to be a fickle ally, the defenders of sexism invariably fall back on man-made devices such as threats of violence or appeals to Christian piety. In *Sexual Suicide*, for example, George Gilder established to his satisfaction that biology destined all women to be the financially dependent wards of male wage earners employed within capitalist enterprises. But then, apparently uneasy about leaving matters in nature's hands, he turned around and snapped that if women *did* get out of line, men would retaliate with rape and pillage. McMillan makes her last stand on a classic combination of female masochism and religious fatalism. The pain of childbirth, she argues, is the central "fact" for women to face. Feminists, she alleges, would like to "cheat" nature by dulling or dodging the pain. (Never mind that feminists have been among the principal advocates of unmedicated, "natural" childbirth.) The more McMillan dwells on parturient pain, the more she slides into melodrama. Suddenly we are no longer hearing from Wittgenstein but from Kahlil Gibran, Ecclesiastes and papal encyclicals on human life: "The human condition," she writes, "is such that with life, we must accept death; with joy, we must accept woe; with pleasure, we must accept suffering." Women especially are enjoined "to remember that obedience is not the same as subservience; humility is not the same as masochism."

By the end of the book, "suffering" has emerged as the paramount experience not only for women but for "man." Of all the unlikely spokesmen for the redeeming power of misery, Karl Marx is called in to testify that "man is a corporeal, living, real, sensuous, objective being with natural powers. . . . To be sensuous is to *suffer*." "Therefore," McMillan deduces, "a being who does not suffer . . . is a non-being." It follows that feminists have been fatally misguided in looking forward "to a time when the problems of living will be 'solved'" because, clearly, the alternative to suffering is nonexistence. Progress is impossible because you can't fight the facts of "birth, suffering, death, the conflict between freedom and necessity and so on." Not surprisingly, this conclusion allows McMillan to find a hitherto undetected "contradiction" in Marx. "Curiously," she notes (and "curiously" is the written equivalent of a triumphant glint in the philosopher's eye), "the whole animus of Marx's work—and of our age—rejects this conclusion."

Perhaps Princeton University Press deserves some credit for publishing a book that dares to buck not only feminism but "the whole animus" of postmedieval Western culture. I at least am grateful to them for one thing: a

ALVAH BESSIE'S SHORT FICTIONS

Which comprises two books in one volume: *Solo Flight*, 17 of his best short stories, and *The Serpent Was More Subtil*, a novella never before published.

A literary event! There is no other book in which these distinguished short stories may be found.

"This is an extraordinary collection of work. Wide-ranging, alive, and best of all, written from the heart." Cyra McFadden, author of *The Serial*.

"What an inspired idea—and a long overdue act of literary justice." William Abrahams, author and editor.

"[S]olid, readable fiction that should help to re-establish Bessie's purely literary credentials." *Kirkus Reviews* / September 1, 1982.

312 pages, 6 x 9", paper, $7.95, 1982. Introduction by Gabriel Miller, Rutgers University.

Chandler & Sharp Publishers, Inc.
11A Commercial Blvd.
Novato, CA 94947
415-883-2353

AUDIO-FORUM® offers the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes — featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, German, Portuguese, Japanese, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chinese, Italian, and more. **Learn a foreign language on your own!** Free Catalog.

Call **(203) 453-9794**, or fill out and send this ad to –

Audio-Forum
Suite 21D, On-the-Green
Guilford, CT 06437

Name
Address
City
State/Zip

I am particularly interested in (check choice):
☐ Spanish ☐ French ☐ German ☐ Polish
☐ Greek ☐ Russian ☐ Hausa ☐ Czech
☐ Bulgarian ☐ Turkish ☐ Vietnamese
☐ Other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

book like this, published with the imprimatur of an elite university, ought to shake up any woman who is tempted to settle into postfeminist complacency. When members of what the New Right optimistically calls the "liberal establishment" propagate books like *Women, Reason and Nature* as scholarship, it should be clear that we do still have a long way to go. □

Brush Up Your German

LESLEY HAZLETON

FREUD AND MAN'S SOUL. *By Bruno Bettelheim. Alfred A. Knopf. 112 pp. $11.95.*

Sigmund Freud may be one of the most quoted shapers of twentieth-century thought, but he is also one of the least read, mainly because reading him looks like such a daunting proposition. I remember, for instance, the trepidation with which I began my first seminar in Freudian Metapsychology. As it turned out, there was little to fear: I spent most of that seminar watching the lecturer scratch his balls, which were right at my eye level as he paced back and forth on the podium. Consequently, this is the image that comes to mind whenever I hear such words as "cathexis" and "parapraxis."

That seminar did force me into the library, however, and there I actually read Freud. I was amazed at what a good reading companion he was, despite those odd Latinisms. I found that I liked the man. I liked his subtleties and his asides. Even in translation, his eloquence and humanity shone through. Still, I was a bit surprised when I found out that his literary friends had tried to nominate him for the Nobel Prize in Literature. And that Thomas Mann wrote of one of Freud's books that it was "related to all great German essay writing, of which it is a masterpiece." And that Herman Hesse praised his "high literary qualities." And that Einstein particularly admired him for his achievement as a writer.

Now Bruno Bettelheim has solved that puzzle for me. And my chief criticism of Bettelheim is only that he waited so long to write this brief, elegant and lucid book.

In *Freud and Man's Soul*, Bettelheim firmly establishes Freud not only as a great writer but also as a great humanist, a man whose concern was not "instincts" and "cathexes" but the human soul. Yes, the soul. It seems rather a quaint word these days, too redolent of incense and sore knees. But read enough modern popular psychology about "turning your problems around" and "establishing full control over your life," as I have had to do in the past year, and after a while you want to cry out, "But this is my *soul* you're talking about!"

And this is also what Freud talked about. He spoke of the soul, "of its nature and structure, its development, its attributes, how it reveals itself in all we do and dream," as Bettelheim puts it. "Unfortunately, nobody who reads him in English could guess this, because nearly all his many references to the soul, and to matters pertaining to the soul, have been excised in translation."

Instead of "the structure of the soul" and "the organization of the soul"—the literal translations of Freud's German words—Freud's English translators have given us "mental apparatus" and "mental organization." This is no mere translator's error, Bettelheim charges, but a deliberate distortion. "Soul" is *Seele* in German; "mental" is *geistig*. As Bettelheim drily notes, "If Freud had meant *geistig*, he would have written *geistig*."

The distortion was in part a cultural one. When Freud used the word "soul," he had in mind not the religious concept, which is the only one current in America, but the principle of human vitality: "the spiritual part of man in contrast to the purely physical," according to one dictionary definition, or "that which is most valuable in man while he is alive," as Bettelheim puts it. In short, Freud meant by "soul" everything that makes us distinctively human.

For the most part, though, this restriction and diminution of Freud's meaning was part of an effort to "scientize" him and make him "respectable." As Bettelheim says, "Instead of instilling a deep feeling for what is most human in all of us, the translations attempt to lure the reader into developing a 'scientific' attitude toward man and his actions, a 'scientific' understanding of the unconscious and how it conditions much of our behavior." In German, Freud encourages readers into a journey of self-discovery in which the soul would become aware of itself; in English, he analyzes a "mental apparatus," like some behaviorist urging metaphorical rats through mazes.

Bettelheim details many instances of how this transformation was achieved. Everyday German words are not translated into their common-language counterparts but replaced by medical-sounding terms and "learned borrowings from Greek and Latin." Thus "womb" becomes "uterus," and as Bettelheim asks, "Who would want to return to a uterus?"

The most striking, and shocking, mistranslation is of Freud's most famous title: *Das Ich und das Es—The I and the It*—was rendered as *The Ego and the Id.* Two simple, meaningful terms from everyday life and thought—every-minute life and thought, in fact—are objectified and distanced. And when "I" becomes "ego," we become distanced from ourselves.

"Freud shunned arcane terms whenever he could," writes Bettelheim, "not just because using them was bad style but also because the essence of psychoanalysis is to make the unknown known, to make hidden ideas accessible to common understanding." Yet in English, *Fehlleistung* (faulty function) becomes "parapraxis"—"a combination of Greek words to which the reader has no emotional response except annoyance at being presented with a basically incomprehensible word." *Besetzung* (occupation) becomes "cathexis." *Schaulust* (sexual pleasure in looking) becomes "scopophilia." And in a serious distortion of Freud's conceptual intent, *Trieb* (drive) becomes "instinct."

What happened? Bettelheim blames the rift over lay analysis. In the United States, psychoanalysis is recognized as a medical specialty. Yet Freud argued forcefully that it was not, nor ought it to be. Psychoanalysis was part of psychology for him, "not medical psychology in the traditional sense, nor the psychology of pathological processes. It is psychology proper." But as psychoanalysis spread from Vienna, it had to be scientized in order to achieve respectability. In the United States, analysts fought to restrict their specialty to physicians, and finally succeeded, despite Freud's wishes. Ironically, the

Lesley Hazleton is a journalist and psychologist currently working on a book about normal depression.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

process of scientization was evidenced in the title of the very essay where Freud most opposed it: until 1947, *The Question of Lay Analysis* was mistranslated as *The Problem of Lay Analysis*! By the time the mistake was corrected, the damage had already been done.

The main thrust of Bettelheim's analysis of Freud's mistranslation is a critique of American psychoanalysis and the American approach to psychology in general. The emphasis here on "adjustment," the view of analysis as cure, the medical control of analysis—all these run directly counter to Freud's own attitudes. But then, as Bettelheim acerbically notes, if psychoanalysis in the United States had not gone off in the medical direction, it might never have become a successful—and prosperous—profession. "American psychology has become all analysis," writes Bettelheim, "to the complete neglect of the psyche, or soul." The very discomfort readers of this review may feel at the use of the word "soul" should be proof enough of this charge.

Considering how strongly Freud opposed the medicalization of psychoanalysis, one does wonder why he paid so little attention to the way he was being translated. Bettelheim blames his "general animus toward things American," which grew out of the rift over lay analysis. But Freud was first translated into English in England. And indifferent or hostile as he might have been toward America when Vienna was still the center of psychoanalysis, England was always important to him, and eventually became his refuge. Moreover, James Strachey, the chief editor of the Standard Edition, was personally entrusted by Freud with the translation of some of his works—and as Bettelheim shows, Strachey was quite aware of his own mistranslations. And now that Anna Freud, Strachey's co-editor, is dead, we may never solve the puzzle of Freud's carelessness. (Perhaps he was just too busy to pay the attention he knew was needed.) One wishes Bettelheim had explored the question, all the same.

Still, *Freud and Man's Soul* does a stunning job of reintroducing a great humanist, and the last few pages of the book are a moving restatement of the deep and inspiring humanism of Freud's psychology and understanding. Bettelheim quotes from *Analysis Terminable and Interminable*: "There can be no question of an antithesis between an optimistic and a pessimistic theory of life; only the simultaneous working together and against each other of both primordial drives, of Eros and the death drive, can explain the colorfulness of life, never the one or the other all by itself." It is an idea usually expressed by poets, Bettelheim notes, citing Faulkner's statement that "the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself . . . alone can make good writing." Comments Bettelheim: "Not only good writing, he might have added, but all else that is best in man." □

Not So Crazy, After All

CLANCY SIGAL

AMERICAN ASSASSINS: The Darker Side of Politics. *By James W. Clarke. Princeton University Press. 321 pp. $18.50.*

"I think this all begins with the lack of respect," Samuel Byck, a frustrated and suicidally unhappy tire salesman, told his tape recorder just before he shot and killed two men on his way to hijacking an airliner at Baltimore-Washington International Airport. He hoped to crash the plane into the White House and kill President Nixon. "Well you know when people around you treat you like a child and pay no attention to the things you say you have to do something," Lynette Fromme, Charles Manson's disciple, explained the day after she tried to murder President Ford. Gerald Ford's other would-be assassin, Sara Jane Moore, was even more forthright about her motives: "I did not want to kill somebody," she told the F.B.I., "but there comes a point when *the only way you can make a statement* is to pick up a gun."

Counting John Hinckley, the rich, young, media-manipulating punk who shot President Reagan, there have been seventeen individuals who tried to kill or did kill our Presidents. Personally, given our traditional abundance of weapons and easy resort to them, I think this relatively small number of assassins is a tribute to citizen restraint and a democratic heritage. However, Prof. James W. Clarke, in this uneven but lucid and intriguing study of fifteen of these assassins, sees them as an authentic, richly revealing facet of the darker side of U.S. politics. He is probably right.

Clarke's main purpose is to depathologize the killers. Most Presidential assassinations are officially explained in terms of the culprits' acute personal disturbances, their "diminished sense of self," bitterness, isolation and so on. To Clarke, the typical assassin has not lost his reason; "rather he is someone who has lost everything *but* his reason." In other words, the great majority of assassins knew exactly what they were doing and had perfectly rational reasons for doing it. Afterward, the government's doctors, psychiatrists and lawyers rush in to impute fancy psychological triggers to the killers' psychic guns—Marina Oswald belittled Lee Harvey's sexual prowess, Sirhan Sirhan had Oedipal conflicts, Bremer was a pimply fruitcake who couldn't make it with girls. But what if we examine the killers' statements at face value?

At the start of his provocative book Clarke grasps the nettle firmly by tackling Lincoln's killer, the actor John Wilkes Booth. The evidence, says Clarke, strongly disputes the commonly accepted claim that Booth killed to assuage his failed thespian's insanely inflated ego. In fact, Booth was an exceptionally popular player who "was never to receive a bad review—North or South." He was a star. But he was also a dedicated racist and Confederate sympathizer who "correctly viewed himself as participating in a widely popular cause" when he planned to kill Lincoln, "a minority candidate of an upstart new party" who was destroying the nation with his war powers. Booth was a snob as well. "As a man of refinement, he was contemptuous of what he saw as Lincoln's personal coarseness of style and manner."

Clarke insists that Booth "was not deranged, nor did he kill for neurotic compensatory or nihilistic reasons. His motives were more akin to those of the German officers who conspired and attempted to kill Hitler to end the madness of World War II." Try teach-

Clancy Sigal is the author of Going Away, Weekend in Dinlock *(both Houghton Mifflin) and* Zone of the Interior *(Crowell). He currently teaches at the University of Southern California School of Journalism.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing *that* in a high school social studies class!

Like Booth, Leon Czolgosz, who fatally wounded President William McKinley at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo in 1901, has come down in the history books as mentally disordered—a wild and illiterate anarchist "bohunk." In reality, Czolgosz was a working-class Slav who had read widely in socialist and utopian literature (almost all the modern assassins were voracious readers). One of his favorite books was Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. A fan of Emma Goldman, he had been shocked by the Lattimer Mines massacre in 1897, when deputies killed nineteen and wounded thirty-nine striking Slavic miners protesting a Pennsylvania "aliens tax" on their wages. "I can't stand it any longer," Czolgosz told his brother. He quit his job as a "cooperative, reliable and skilled worker" in a wire mill to become a full-time, if obscure, itinerant radical.

Reticent and inarticulate, Czolgosz was an enigma even to the sleeker, more world-weary socialists to whom he went for instruction and inspiration. The Chicago anarchists, suspicious of his awkward behavior, publicly branded him a government spy. Clarke suggests Czolgosz may have killed McKinley partly to prove his devotion to the movement. But the underlying reason was political: "He resented the President's indifference and hostility to the working people." Throughout his trial Czolgosz maintained his principles and composure. "I didn't believe," he said from the dock, "[that] one man should have so much and another should have none." All that is required to understand this remarkably clear and simple statement as a declaration of class war is a little imaginative understanding of what the Gilded Age meant, in real and daily terms, to immigrant workers, especially the culturally isolated and sullen Slavic laborers.

Perhaps the most interesting section of Clarke's book is on Sirhan Sirhan, Robert Kennedy's killer and "possibly the shrewdest, most devious and remorseless of the lot." The Sirhan trial "provides an excellent illustration of the attempts by attorneys and psychiatrists to deny the rationality of a politically inspired murder." Thus, to Sirhan's lawyer, Emile Zola Berman, who was Jewish, it became imperative to portray Sirhan as "mentally ill" rather than as a lucid if self-appointed agent of Palestinian revenge for very real Israeli crimes against his people, acts of violence Sirhan had himself witnessed as a child growing up in blood-soaked Jerusalem in the 1940s. Senator Kennedy's support of a proposed sale of fifty Phantom jets to Israel may have done more to seal his fate than Sirhan's alleged derangement, his Rosicrucian self-hypnosis or his hatred of his father. Sirhan's planning was meticulous, his goals long-range; Sirhan was not a nut, alas.

Of the fifteen assassins he examines, Clarke diagnoses as psychotic only three—Richard Lawrence, who tried to shoot Andrew Jackson; Charles Guiteau, who killed Garfield; and John Shrank, who had a go at Teddy Roosevelt. Even Bremer, who shattered Presidential aspirant George Wallace's spine with a .38-caliber bullet, "knew exactly what he was doing and why." Maybe, but I am not convinced by Clarke's claim that Bremer was "aiming at the values of the so-called majority of a hated society."

There are times, too, when the author comes perilously close to the kind of vapid psychoanalyzing he aims to demolish. His attempt to set forth three types of Presidential assassins, for example, is a pointless exercise in abstract typology that muddies rather than clarifies his thesis. Also, his "what can be done?" conclusions are very weak when not downright dangerous—Clarke even suggests censoring media coverage of assassinations and assassination attempts and keeping from the press and public the Presidential schedule.

In effect, Clarke's book is an exploration of the political powerlessness most of us feel much of the time. No one—certainly not the blathering psychoanalysts and Establishment-serving lawyers who are almost always trotted out to launder the motives of the "mad killers"—really knows why losers try to become winners by killing Presidents. But Clarke has made an interesting and important stab at finding out. □

Local Color and Company Towns

TOM CHAFFIN

MINERS, MILLHANDS, AND MOUNTAINEERS: Industrializaton of the Appalachian South, 1880-1930. *By Ronald D Eller. University of Tennessee Press. 336 pp. $23.50. Paper $12.50.*

If there has been a defining theme to Appalachian history, it has been remoteness. There is the highlands' traditional economic, cultural and geographic remove from mainstream America. There is also the daily remoteness that comes from living ridges and valleys away from one's closest neighbors. *Miners, Millhands, and Mountaineers* chronicles the violation of this remoteness by the forces of the national marketplace. It is a story of booms and busts, of railroads, property speculators, textile magnates and coal and timber barons. It is also a story of self-reliant mountaineers and what happened to them and to their world as the forces of Gilded Age industrialism brought a wage economy, displacement, specialization and depletion of resources to Appalachia.

Ronald Eller, whose Appalachian ancestors go back four generations, is an assistant professor of history and director of regional studies at Mars Hill College in North Carolina. Too many efforts at understanding Appalachian history, he writes, when they have not romanticized the region, have overemphasized the role of mountain culture in shaping events:

> Cast in the static role, mountain people have thus rarely appeared as conscious actors on the stage of American history, and almost never on center stage. They are acknowledged to exist somewhere in the background, as subjects to be acted upon, but not as people participating in the historical drama itself. As a result, our efforts to explain and deal with the social problems of the region have focused not on economic and political realities . . . but on the supposed inadequacies of a pathological culture that is seen to have equipped mountain people poorly for life in the modern industrial world. Having overlooked elements of movement and change that have tied the mountains to the rest of the American experience, we have blamed the mountaineers for their own distress, rather than the forces which have caused it.

Although Eller rescues Appalachia from a historiography that blames the victim, *Miners, Millhands, and Moun-*

Tom Chaffin, a freelance writer living in San Francisco, writes frequently on American studies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taineers remains largely a reactive history. There were some labor wars, there were a few efforts at cooperative enterprise, but mostly, this book tells how Appalachians adjusted to the conversion of their mountains into an economic colony of corporate interests—mostly Northern corporate interests.

As Eller points out, Northern capitalists were not the first outsiders to covet the highlands. Appalachian history is full of suitors and colonizers. Before the Civil War, the mountaineers thought of themselves more as Southerners than as inhabitants of the region we know today as Appalachia. Most of the mountains of the South were not settled before 1800. Lacking a long history as a community, the highlanders identified, at least nominally, with the lowland cotton South, with its heritage stretching back to the seventeenth century. The political tumult surrounding the secession question in 1860 changed that: in the highlands, there was neither strong abolitionist sentiment nor any overriding interest in the maintenance of slavery. The mountain South was a capital-deficient area, and few farmers had sufficient credit or land even to consider owning slaves. After Fort Sumter, some highlanders went to the Confederacy, some to the Union.

In the Civil War's aftermath, the region was invaded by Protestant missionaries, by Republican Party organizers, by local-color writers from the North and, finally, by "mineral hunters," who paid as little as 35 cents per acre on behalf of Northern iron, coal and railroad interests. All viewed the mountains as a bountiful land somehow overlooked by Manifest Destiny. In 1870, only one railroad penetrated Appalachia. By 1930, only a few communities lacked access to some sort of railroad.

Eller's Appalachia is a region snagged between Gilded Age industrialists pressing in from the North and the homegrown boosters of the New South movement—planters, merchants, lawyers and former Confederate officers ever eager to cut deals with capital-bloated legates of the emerging national economy. He argues forcefully that modern Appalachia's poverty can be traced to the region's economic reliance on outside industries. Industrialism turned Appalachia into a sort of domestic Third World, with remote company towns supplying raw materials and cheap labor for the national economy. This colonialism, Eller adds, blunted the growth of a home market in Appalachia and prevented the economic diversification that might have transformed squalid company towns into healthy urban communities.

The central distraction in this book probably comes with the territory. One way or another, any writer who grapples with the history of the lowland South must come to terms with slavery and its legacy. The lowland South's commitment to its peculiar institution led to calamity, but it also gives historians of the region a ready-made focus with which to work. The case of the highland South is more troublesome: Appalachia produced no doctrine of nullification, was never consumed by a burning nationalism, or by a tragic vision that lends itself to dramatic narrative. Eller's writing and organization are clear, his research thorough. Still, he is up against a history that offers no central event, no central vision. While remoteness serves well as an organizing principle on an analytical level, it is hardly the stuff of epic histories.

Then, too, Eller's scholarship is often a double-edged sword. An overly acute attention to detail periodically blunts his story's force, letting his quiet narrative stray into recitative ennui:

> Champion Fiber Company was organized in 1905 by Peter G. Thompson, owner of the Champion Coated Paper Company of Hamilton, Ohio. Thompson had visited western North Carolina in 1904, looking for timberland which would furnish a steady supply of wood pulp for his profitable Ohio paper mill. He found it in the thick forests along the Pigeon River in Haywood County, settling upon a spot five miles from the village of Clyde as the place for his pulp plant. The location was on the site of the defunct Eastern Capitalist Broom Company.

I don't doubt that some reader somewhere needs to know such details. I suspect, though, that the attention of most will wane as they slog through pages and pages of them.

Perhaps press deadlines intervened, but the lack of any reference to the 1982 Appalachian Land Ownership Task Force report is a conspicuous omission in a book so thoroughly researched (as evidenced by its otherwise exhaustive bibliography). The 1,800-page, government-financed study took two years to complete, at a cost of $130,000. It surveyed land ownership in Appalachia and concluded that extensive corporate and absentee land ownership patterns in the region are a "crucial underlying element" of Appalachian poverty. Citing this report would only have strengthened Eller's arguments.

Still, we can be grateful for Eller's important contribution to the small but

DO YOU HAVE THE ONE LEARNED ABILITY ALL TOP ACHIEVERS HAVE?

In tests done on over 500,000 people in all occupations and fields, only one ability was common to all *highly successful* people: use of a large, well-known *general English vocabulary*.

Surprised? Too simple, you say? Look...

An engineer makes an everage of, let's say, $40,000 a year. A mechanic may make half that. But when you test their aptitudes you find that both score the same on tests that show understanding of mechanical systems, or the use of manual tools. *But the engineer's vocabulary score is twice as high.*

Learning, thinking, and communicating well depends on *knowing* words. The engineer can *use* his ability and talent!

SEND THIS COUPON NOW. Find out about *THE FUN LEARN VOCABULARY BUILDER* tape cassette program - 48 tapes, 1,500 words. We'll send you the testing facts.

And a VOCABULARY LEVEL TEST at no cost!

DON'T WAIT. SET YOUR TALENTS FREE!

THE FUN LEARN COMPANY
600 N. Marienfeld
Suite 500, Paragon Tower
Midland, Texas 79701

OR CALL FOR FAST SERVICE:
(915) 684-5567

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
ZIP_____
(all products carry money-back guarantee)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

growing body of Appalachian scholarship. Harry Caudill gave us a fleshier chunk of Appalachian history in his 1962 *Night Comes to the Cumberlands.* That book, however, dealt only with a limited portion of Appalachia. *Miners, Millhands, and Mountaineers* is a more scholarly effort and throws a wider net. In its attention to detail and trenchant commentary, it deserves a place alongside Gordon B. McKinney's *Southern Mountain Republicans 1865-1900* and Henry Shapiro's *Appalachia On Our Mind,* two other relatively recent works that also bring insight and compassion to one of the most misunderstood realms of North American civilization. □

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

Top Girls
Skirmishes

The season has been such a Sahara that I'd particularly looked forward to Caryl Churchill's new play *Top Girls,* since her *Cloud Nine* was one of last year's most impressive works. Flawed, uncertain of its structure, it nevertheless stood out against the general unimaginativeness and relentless domesticity of so much recent drama. In light of that, my disappointment in the new play is more than ordinarily acute.

Churchill, who has been on the edge of the new movement in British playwriting, is not an important figure but someone to take account of. She's a feminist, a political skeptic on the left, a student of literature and history whose writing is distinguished by the fertility of its ideas and their relative freedom from ideological rigidity. But as the price of her intellectual fecundity, her plays tend to be dramaturgically wayward, confused, incoherent.

Cloud Nine was able to overcome its structural and thematic debilities through its vigor and some witty writing, but *Top Girls* is unsalvageable. After a long opening scene in a vein of complete fantasy, the play abruptly switches tone and manner, moving at first into stylized naturalism and then, in a long concluding scene, into naturalism of a thoroughly straightforward kind. Before the evening's over, a half-dozen motifs or subjects have been thrown out for our consideration, but not one provides a central organizing principle, and none are adequately embodied in the dramatic action.

The first scene brings six women together for lunch in a London restaurant rather unsubtly called La Prima Donna. One of these is Marlene, the organizer of the affair and the only "real"—that is, contemporary—character in this scene who will appear throughout the play. The others are drawn from literature (Chaucer's Patient Griselda; Nijo, a royal concubine from medieval Japan who wrote an autobiography), art (Brueghel's Dull Gret, who in armor leads a charge through hell), religious myth (the apocryphal ninth-century Pope Joan) and history (the Victorian traveler Isabella Bird).

The five proceed to tell their "stories," with Marlene as a sort of talk-show host. At first they trample on each other's lines, but then settle into some sort of conversation. It's not clear what it all adds up to, but I take Churchill's meaning to be that they've "come a long way" into consciousness, as one character puts it, that their real or invented lives are exemplary of women's responses to their situations, which range here from Griselda's and Nijo's meekness in the face of exploitation to Gret's and Pope Joan's toughness and bellicosity.

It's opaque and far-fetched in conception, but there is some funny writing (Joan briskly orders "canneloni and salad"; Nijo says, "I'm not a cheerful person; I just laugh a lot") and at least one moment of substantial feeling. This occurs when Joan is describing having been stoned to death for having borne a child. But there's much too little of that. From the beginning I was on the playwright's side, rooting for the thing to come alive, seizing the occasional moments of enjoyment—until my patience wore out and I longed for the curtain.

The scenes that follow take place either at the offices of the "Top Girls" Employment Agency in London or at Marlene's sister Joyce's house in Suffolk. Marlene has just been named director of the agency; she is a "top girl," a winner in a man's world, and her implicit model is Margaret Thatcher. The danger of worldly success, Churchill seems to be saying, is that it hardens you, men and women alike. In the long final scene, Marlene bitterly quarrels with her sister, who has remained at home, an "underachiever," but who has the last accusatory word on Marlene's ungenerous, "I'm all right, Jack/Jane" attitude.

There are a few flashes of wit and intelligence in this scene, as there are in the first, but where the restaurant sequence is obscure, the segment at

ANEMONE

Once everything was blue
the faces lips blood dreams
the way emotion invades reality
& then things turned green
the floors ladders gardens
opening into fields of such lush
possibility & then the world
turned yellow the hair breath
touch of the woman who pulled him
from one dark wonder into another
& then the stars earth walls sea
he swam night after white night
the drifting through white space
there is no doubt that death
is white the blizzards he feared
would go on forever & then the feast
flaring up like a plague of locusts
yes red is what's left when everything
leaves & time is the last dinner guest
who sits with his legs on the table
toasting the anemone that springs up
like the recrudescence of hope yes
red is the first moment of appetite
opening in the eye like vision

Philip Schultz

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joyce's house is all too transparent. Churchill here lets her critical social eye glaze over with resentment and her political acumen degenerate into easy indictments. And what a jumble we're left with! It's rare to find a play that works so actively against its own potential virtues.

Skirmishes, the work of a Liverpool writer and teacher named Catherine Hayes, is also entirely about women, but it differs significantly from *Top Girls* in its quietness, modest aims and simple structure. There is one point of resemblance: two warring sisters at the center of the action, the battle here being over their respective senses of responsibility toward their dying mother (Hope Cameron, who's on stage in a big bed throughout and has few lines).

One sister, Jean (Suzanne Bertish), has remained with their mother and tended her for months, while the other, Rita (Fran Brill), has generally stayed away on the plea that her husband and children need her more. In the course of the play, whose action is fueled by Jean's resentment of Rita, uncomfortable truths are unearthed, and the sisters move toward a painful understanding. Hayes writes well; one's never bored or irritated. A line I particularly liked: "I wish she'd hurry up and die," Jean says. "I want to do something else." In its plaintive unspecificity, that "something else" is greatly affecting. □

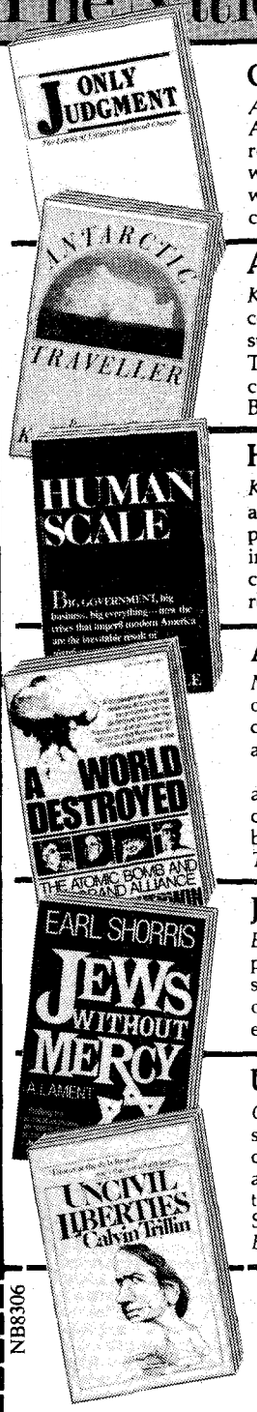
Join The Nation Associates, a group of loyal and committed *Nation* readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of $20 or more. Membership includes participation in a variety of Associates activities and a subscription to "The Nation Associate," a newsletter that tells you what's going on behind the scenes at *The Nation*.

For further information write or call Claudine Bacher, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to The Nation Associates.

When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to *The Nation*.

For information write or call: Office of the Publisher, *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011 (212) 242-8400

The Nation Book Mart



ONLY JUDGMENT

Aryeh Neier. Wesleyan University Press (1982). $17.95 Cloth. An important defense of the contemporary judiciary's activist role in extending the rights of neglected groups, but also a warning to certain protest groups—environmentalists, blacks, women, political dissidents—not to rely on the courts for social change.

ANTARCTIC TRAVELLER

Katha Pollitt. Alfred A. Knopf (1982). $5.95 Paper. In this collection of poems, *The Nation*'s literary editor combines a suppleness and beauty of language with unexpected images. These poems stay in the mind with the definition and completeness of paintings. Winner of the 1982/83 National Book Critics Circle Award for Poetry.

HUMAN SCALE

Kirkpatrick Sale. Perigee (1980). $8.95 Paper. A comprehensive and provocative account of the danger of growthmania, presenting real solutions, people-size solutions, to the impending crisis. Written in clear, lucid prose and laced with colorful historical anecdotes, *Human Scale* is urgent, highly readable and profoundly important.

A WORLD DESTROYED

Martin J. Sherwin. Vintage (1977). $4.95 Paper. "The excellent, often frightening study of the political and diplomatic circumstances surrounding the development and use of the first atomic bomb."—*The New Yorker*

"The quality of his research and the strength of his argument are far superior to previous accounts. Sherwin presents a comprehensible and disturbing picture of the continuities between World War II and the cold war."—*The New York Times Book Review*

JEWS WITHOUT MERCY

Earl Shorris. Anchor Press/Doubleday (1982). $14.95 Cloth. A provocative essay which argues that the Jewish neoconservatives have improperly expropriated the Jewish tradition by omitting what the author takes to be its most critical element—compassion.

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES

Calvin Trillin. Ticknor & Fields. (1982). $10.95 Cloth. A sparkling collection from Calvin Trillin's "Uncivil Liberties" column which appears every three weeks in *The Nation*. "He is achingly funny here on such diverse symptoms of the age as hot tubs, wearers of Nehru jackets, the Carters, the Reagans. . . . Serious cohesive humor from a very smart gadfly."—*Chicago Booklist*

NATION BOOK MART ORDER FORM

NB8306

Qty.	Item	Price	Total
	Only Judgment	$17.95	
	Antarctic Traveller	$ 5.95	
	Human Scale	$ 8.95	
	A World Destroyed	$ 4.95	
	Jews Without Mercy	$14.95	
	Uncivil Liberties	$10.95	
		Subtotal	
		Add $1.50 per book postage	
		N.Y. State residents add 8¼% sales tax	
		TOTAL	

Send to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE/ZIP _____

Mail check or money order to: The Nation Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. U.S. equivalent funds only.

Offer expires May 31, 1983.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Events.

Institute for Policy Studies
presents

I.F. Stone
Retrying Socrates
What Plato Doesn't Tell Us

A three-part lecture series
March 8, 14, 21 8pm

Gaston Hall, Georgetown University
$15 per series, $7 per individual lecture

Call the Washington School at (202) 234-9382 for reservations.

Institute for Policy Studies'
Washington School
presents

Courses in Politics and Ideas, Spring 1983

"Intervention and Revolution," Eqbal Ahmad and Michael Klare

"Race and Poverty," Roger Wilkins

"Investigative Reporting," John Dinges and Jeff Stein

"Poetry and Politics," Carolyn Forche

and more.

Classes start March 14, call (202) 234-9382 for complete brochure.

WASHINGTON CONFERENCE
ON FIRST-STRIKE WEAPONS

Friday, February 18, 9:00-12:30, Room 1202, Dirksen Senate Office Building
12:30-5:00, Church of the Reformation

Saturday, February 19, 9:00-12:00, Rooms 1,2,3, Methodist Building, Washington D.C.

The conference will focus on the central dynamic of the nuclear arms race; the offensive targeting of nuclear weapons against other nuclear weapons.

Speakers include: Betty Lall, Howard Morland, Frank von Hippel, Robert Aldridge, Paul Walker, Stanley Kober, Simone Wilkinson.

Sponsored by Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy, 120 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. $15 registration, payable in advance. For more information, call (202) 546-8400.

FIFTH NATIONAL CONFERENCE
OF AFRO-AMERICAN WRITERS
presents
"The Human Resources of Afro-American Literature: Lessons from the Recent Past"

February 9-10

Blackburn Center
Howard University Main Campus
Washington, D.C.

February 9

10:00 Keynote Speaker: Lance Jeffers

11:00 Recent Black Literature: The Role of the Historian; Historian as Writer; History Biography, Autobiography as Literature

2:00 Recent Black Literature: The Political Dimensions (Nationalism, Marxism, Feminism, etc.)

4:30 The Sociology of Literature: Literature as a Neglected Resource for the Social Scientist

February 10

10:00 Recent Black Literature: Some Aesthetic Considerations—Social Realism, the Black Aesthetic—Submerged Positions

1:00 Issues in Black Women's Literature

3:30 Black Literature and Literature About Blacks: The Challenge of the Classroom Method and *Practice*

For further information, call (202) 686-6862. This conference is being sponsored in part by a grant from the D.C. Community Humanities Council and is endorsed by the American Writers Congress.

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENTS

PIED A TERRE, tiny, well-located, available second half of week, some weekends to quiet, neat non-smoker. Write Nation Box 59.

APARTMENT WANTED by NYC publisher. 1 bedroom or small loft for 3/15 or 4/1 occupancy. In Manhattan, will consider most any area. Sublet OK. 12 months or longer term. Phone Ron Carbon, (212) 561-8207 (days), (212) 663-5507 (evenings).

APARTMENT WANTED. Two professional women moving to NYC seeking safe, clean, cheap one or two bedroom sublet for 2-12 months, beginning March 1st. Call collect, (608) 274-4591 or phone Ron Carbon (212) 561-8207.

ASSOCIATIONS

AMERICAN-ISRAELI CIVIL LIBERTIES COALITION and its Israeli affiliate, Kol Koreh, invite inquiries about membership from persons interested in the extension of civil liberties in the State of Israel. A-ICLC, 124 West 79th Street, New York, NY 10024.

BOOKS

MINIATURE BOOKS OF JAPAN. Tatsuo Go, Moritakabatake 621, Toyama City, 931, Japan.

CREDIT, DIVORCE, PRIVACY PROBLEMS. Our books have the solutions. Send for free catalog. Eden Press, 11623 Slater, Box 8410NG, Fountain Vly, CA 92708.

SOLIDARITY UNDER SIEGE. Interviews, photos and an underground discussion of resistance in Poland. By Andrzej Tymowski. $3.50 postpaid: D. H. Back Press, Box 714, New Haven, CT 06510.

KNOW YOUR LOCAL POLICE
by Mae Churchill

24 pages of questions for reporters, editors and citizens.

- police as protectors of public safety
- police as instruments of justice
- police as intelligence agents
- police and the public purse
- police as public servants
- police as professionals

Order from:
URBAN POLICY RESEARCH INSTITUTE
185 Pier Street,
Santa Monica, CA 90405.
$2.50/single copy, prepaid.
$1.75/10 or more, prepaid.

THE BOOK ON CO-OPS! $4.95; "Consumer Cooperation: The Heritage & the Dream," by Sekerak/Danforth. "Fills a void in the historical record of the American Cooperative Movement." Consumers Cooperative Publishing Association, 841 Pomeroy Avenue, #20, Santa Clara, CA 95051.

BOOKS

ARE YOU INTERESTED in a million seller? Here's the book: Dianetics—The Modern Science of Mental Health by L. Ron Hubbard. To order: Mail first class rush, $9.55 US (no extra charge included) to: Brian Millan & Find Me A Book Services, 3475 St. Urbain Street, #1212, Montreal, PQ, H2X 2N4 Canada.

"136 + BIBLICAL CONTRADICTIONS." Unique booklist. More! $3 to: CPU, PO Box 200, Redmond, WA 98052.

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE
By Derek Humphry (author of Jean's Way)

This unique guide to self-deliverance for the dying person available to Hemlock members. For details send SASE to
Hemlock: P.O. Box 66218, Los Angeles
CA 90066 or phone (213) 391-1871

BOOKS/OUT-OF-PRINT

FREE OUT-OF-PRINT book search. Any title, author, subject. Describe your wants to: Xanadu Book Search, PO Box 91N, Braintree, MA 02184.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

PUBLISH YOUR OWN NEWSPAPER in picturesque northeast Iowa. Well-established weekly for sale. Others in western Iowa and southwestern Minnesota. John Vanderlinden, Broker, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.

MAILORDER OPPORTUNITY! Start profitable home business without experience or capital. Information free. Mail Order Associates, Dept. 418, Montvale, NJ 97645.

BUTTONS/BUMPERSTICKERS

I BUY POLITICAL BUTTONS! Send list to: M. Engel, PO Box 189, Westfield State College, Westfield, MA 01086.

"REAGANOMICS IS TROJAN HORSESHIT." Bumpersticker, $1.50. Southwest Specialties, 1901 Eubank NE, Drawer 222-G, Albuquerque, NM 87112.

CASSETTES

Napolean Hill's **THINK AND GROW RICH.** Cassette-narrated by Earl Nightingale: $9.95 postpaid. Million Dollar Personal Success Plan & goal setting workbook free with order. Cassette catalogue free. INDIVIDUAL DYNAMICS, PO Box 8350-N, Knoxville, TN 37996.

GREAT ATLANTIC RADIO CONSPIRACY's new series of audiotapes now available. Programs include Guatemala, Convert the Livermore Labs, Political Humor, Caffeine and Coffee, Repression of Left Academics, Women and Anarchism, more. Free catalogue. Radio Conspiracy, 2743N Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, MD 21218.

CATALOGUES

48-PAGE CATALOGUE of 2,500 gay/lesbian books, magazines, records, etc. $2 from N-ADL, 4014 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90029.

EDUCATION

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES a year while striding for exercise. 200 Language Club, PO Box 1727, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

EDUCATION

THE GRADUATE INSTITUTE in Liberal Education of St. John's College announces the 17th annual session of the most distinctive masters' degree program in America. June 20-August 12. Annapolis, MD 21404 and Santa Fe, NM 87501.

ETHICAL DEVELOPMENT

HOW CAN I KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE? Looking for attractive study program to stimulate children's ethical development? Searching for ethical educational materials that awaken interest and responsibility in children and youth while deepening insight and understanding? For free descriptive order list, write Education Materials, American Ethical Union, Dept. N2, 2 West 64th Street, New York, NY 10023.

GAMES & PUZZLES

THE NATION'S BEST CROSSWORD PUZZLES are collected in Frank Lewis' latest book, #4. Send $3.75 to E. S. Lewis, 62 Fort St., Fairhaven, MA 02719.

ACROSTICS—Fascinating, challenging. Send #10 SASE for samples. DUR-ACROSTICS, PO Box 61, Charlevoix, MI 49720.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS $20. Send two pages on unlined paper only. Sialbach Consultants, PO Box H122, Gardiner, NY 12525.

HEALTH

LIVE LONGER, feel healthier. Report shows how. #MO-55L. $2.50 to: S.A. Matheny, TN183, PO Box 316, Mt. Hope, WV 25880.

STRESS TEST! Simple and private test reveals your chances for stress-related illness and how to cope with stress. $3 to: Jones Publishing, 5968 East 29th Street, Tucson, AZ 85711.

INSURANCE

DONALD SHAFFER ASSOCIATES, INC.
ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE
Specialists in Pension & Employee Benefit Planning
11 GRACE AVENUE, Great Neck, NY 11021
212-895-7005, 516-466-4642

INVENTIONS

IDEAS, INVENTIONS WANTED for presentation to industry. 1-800-528-6050, Arizona, 1-800-352-0458, x831.

LITERARY SERVICES

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. Send for free, illustrated 40-page brochure. N. Vantage Press, 516 W. 34 St., New York, NY 10001.

MERCHANDISE

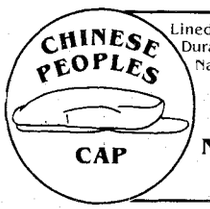
BOOKMARKS PERSONALIZED with your name in golden letters. $3.49 per set. Say It Your Way, Inc., PO Box 1172N, Union City, NJ 07087.

COLLECTORS! Distinguished stock of erotica. Historical, scholarly, psychoanalytic, etc. Liane Dunn, Cornwall Bridge, CT 06754.

MISCELLANEOUS

GLOW-IN-THE-DARK STAR MAP: shows nearly all stars visible year-round from Northern Hemisphere cities or towns. $9 includes postage to anywhere in the US, $12 elsewhere. Comes rolled. L. Deckman, 2740 Monroe Street, Eugene, OR 97405.

NUCLEAR FREE ZONES—A way to disavow the arms race. Write for free information or send $5 for complete organizer's kit. Nukewatch, 315 West Gorham, Madison, WI 53703.



Lined all cotton cap from China.
Durable, practical, comfortable.
Navy, tan or white.
Sizes: S-M-L-XL.
Send $5.00
or 2 for $9.00 to:
Newport Cap Co.
P.O. Box 1226-NA
Newport, Oregon 97365

NONRESIDENTIAL UNIVERSITY

BACHELORS, MASTERS, DOCTORATES, for the accomplished individual. State-authorized, inexpensive, efficient. Richard L. Crews, M.D., President COLUMBIA PACIFIC UNIVERSITY, 1415 Third St. Suite 7501, San Rafael, CA 94901. Call Toll Free USA: 800-227-1617, ext. 480. California Only: 800-772-3545, ext. 480.

NUCLEAR WAR SURVIVAL

NUCLEAR WAR survival handbook. Send $5 to: Julius Rose, Richland, NJ 08350.

PERSONALS

UNATTACHED? Meet aware, literate singles—like YOU! Very low fee. Call DATELINE—free: 800-451-3245.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081. Or call (215) 566-2132.

FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD. International Penpals Club, PO Box 185, ST Snowdon, Montreal H3X 3T4, Quebec, Canada.

ORIENTAL WOMEN wish to correspond with Americans. Cherry Blossoms, PO Box 1021NA, Honokaa, HI 96727.

FRIENDSHIPS through correspondence. Free information. No obligation. Write: Gene Braman, PO Box 2403, Bartow, FL 33830.

A WAY OF LIFE: A "CREED"

1. I think I have the answer for every one, for I think I have the answer for no one; every one must find his own answer. 2. As to a way of life, truth cannot be taught; it must be self-discovered, self-appropriated; 3. My most reliable authority for what I think and do lies within me myself, and I rely on it at my peril; I have no cocksure certainty; 4. The only good in the world is lovingkindness from man as rain from a cloud; 5. My only way to improve the world is by improving myself.

If a reader of these words should find himself in essential agreement therewith, it would help him and the undersigned to know one another personally. To this end, such person is invited to address: F. J. Waldrop, 101 Reservoir Street, Weston, WV 26452.

WRITE AND FIND YOURSELF! Innovative experimental therapy generated by your writing fiction guided in cassette exchanges by retired successful writer. SASE to: PO Box 448, Doylestown, PA 18901.

TAKE ACTION against media errors in grammar, spelling and punctuation. Join SAGE, 65 Woodland Road, Pittsford, NY 14534.

INTELLIGENT WOMAN 55. Seeks man 50-60, healthy, literate, capable, independent. VH, PO Box 24951, Rochester, NY 14624.

For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in *THE NATION:*

RATES: $.75 per word, 15 word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Copy deadline 17 days prior to week of publication. Payment must accompany order.

Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for two insertions of your ad, and we will print a third insertion free!

TO: *THE NATION*
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. N.Y. 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for my advertisement to run ____ weeks

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Copy: _____

_____

_____

_____

Payment in U.S. currency

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

PERSONALS

INCARCERATED young man seeks correspondence from all who might wish to write. Ricky Jackson, #144-061, PO Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

I WAS BORN in Columbus, Ohio. I am 28 years of age. I love all sports, enjoy body building and I love reading the Bible. Paul Johnson, #149-226, PO Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

ARE YOU A JEW who has always felt politically alienated from the Establishment (organized) Jewish community? Have you nonetheless been experiencing ambivalent feelings lately about some sort of Jewish affiliation—perhaps because of growing children, aging parents, experiences of anti-Semitism, or pain over Israel? SH'MA, a Journal of Jewish Responsibility, wants your views for a symposium of Left Jews on how they deal (or don't) with their Jewishness. What have been YOUR misgivings, solutions, compromises, successes, failures, confusions, voyages? Can you describe any Jewish groups—havurah, synagogue, religious school or organization—which met (or half-met) your needs? Please write 750 double-spaced words and send to: SH'MA, PO Box 567, Port Washington, NY 11050 by March 1st.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

TEACH IN JAPAN. Current list of over 100 schools that hire American teachers. Information on wages, visas, living conditions, etc. Send $4.50 to: Language Pacifica, 257 Castro Street, Mountain View, CA 94041.

NON-PROFIT NEW JERSEY FOUNDATION seeks creative, entrepreneurial person to develop and manage job training programs for urban residents. Must have excellent executive, communication and interpersonal skills. Please send resume and salary history and requirements to: Nation Box 34.

THE NATION has an opening for an assistant literary editor. The job involves proofreading, copy editing, attention to detail and keeping track of many things. Literary interests and no smoking are musts. Call (212) 242-8400, or write Katha Pollitt, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

PUBLICATIONS

READ THE GUARDIAN, America's #1 independent Marxist newsweekly. National, international coverage. Write for FREE introductory 4-week subscription. Guardian, Dept. NA, 33 W. 17th St., New York, NY 10011.

THE PEOPLE. Marxist biweekly covering major national, international developments at rates workers can afford. Since 1891. Subscriptions: $1 for 4 months; $4 for 1 year. 914 Industrial Avenue, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

FREE BROCHURE on the Neutron Bomb by World Peace Council. It tells how it works and why it is particularly dangerous. Write: National Peace Coalition, PO Box 5789, Fresno, CA 93755.

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

SUPERBRAIN FUNCTION SECRETS. Astonishing report. Modern Humans, 2211-N Markham, Perris, CA 92370.

PUBLICATIONS

"FREEDOM FROM A LIFE of Hell." 100 Healing Secrets! $2 to: NEWLIFE, PO Box 275-GN, Boulder City, NV 89005.

SOCIAL ANARCHISM—A Journal of Practice and Theory. Fourth issue now available. Howard Ehrlich on building a radical culture; articles on contemporary Spanish anarchism and on the business of play; poetry and reviews of current political books. $2 (prepaid) to: Social Anarchism, 2743N Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, MD 21218.

PICK ANY TWO major policy problems and receive the equivalent of two comprehensive paperbound books for only $5 from the Policy Studies Organization, 361 Lincoln Hall, University of Illinois, Urbana, IL 61801.

WHO KILLED CARLO TRESCA? A reprint of the 1945 pamphlet by Norman Thomas and others. Forewords by John Dos Passos and Arturo Giovannitti. Edited and introduced by Warren Hope, $3.95 postpaid. Mountain Laurel Publications, PO Box 1621, Harrisburg, PA 17105. (PA residents add 6% sales tax.)

"CARING is the silent language of the world." For human values, send SASE to: World, Shearwater Press, PO Box 417, Wellfleet, MA 02667.

QUERIES

AUTHOR'S QUERY

For a compendium of erroneous, untrue and just plain stupid statements by experts, we would appreciate hearing of any sources, anecdotes, documents, etc. about inexpert authorities in any field, in any age. Write Nation Box 80.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION is developing a Resource Booklet on programs/projects focussed on US-USSR understanding. If you have knowledge of or are involved in any such projects please send description and name of sponsoring organization to: "US-USSR Reconciliation Program," FOR, PO Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960.

RECIPES

BAKED HAM with cranberry glaze—Spectacular original recipe. Send $1 with SASE to: Ham, c/o L/L Secretarial, 633 West Oakdale, Chicago, IL 60657.

RECORDS

JAZZ, BLUES, CONTEMPORARY, CLASSICAL records below list. Fast service. Visa/Mastercharge. Free catalogue: Rutabaga Records, 437 North 5th Street, Stroudsburg, PA 18360.

RELIGION

PROOF JESUS FICTIONAL!

Learn the world's great secret: how the Romans (Flavius Josephus) created fictional Jesus, Christianity. POSITIVE PROOF, legitimate offer. SCHOLARLY BOOKLET: Send $3 to Vector, Box 6215-E, Bellevue, WA 98008

TOOTING ONE'S OWN HORN

LIVING BY YOUR WITS is a guide to profitable self-publishing (recipes, "how to" instructions, etc.); sold with low-cost classified ads. $10 Guaranteed. Bill Hanus, PO Box 2800, Sante Fe, NM 87501.

TRAVEL

CARIBE PLAYA. Guardarraya Puerto Rico 00723. Superb private coco-beach, environment, snorkeling, tranquillity, hospitality. Studio Apts. $168 per person per week. Double occupancy.

READY TO TRAVEL? You can plan now with finest MAPS! Catalogue $1. EAGLE EYE, PO Box 751-A, Paonia, CO 81428.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1948

L	A	C	K	O	F	■	I	N	T	E	R	E	S	T
E	■	A	■	V	■	A	■	I	■	C	■	S	■	H
F	I	N	D	E	R	S	■	O	B	L	I	Q	U	E
T	■	D	■	N	■	P	■	B	■	A	■	U	■	O
H	A	I	R	S	■	I	R	E	■	T	W	I	L	L
I	■	D	■	■	■	R	■	■	■	■	■	R	■	D
G	L	E	A	M	■	A	I	R	L	A	N	E	S	■
H	■	■	■	A	■	T	■	E	■	N	■	■	■	G
■	S	K	I	N	D	E	E	P	■	D	O	V	E	R
A	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	A	■	A
N	E	E	D	S	■	B	O	Y	■	S	A	L	L	Y
D	■	P	■	T	■	A	■	I	■	P	■	I	■	M
D	I	E	H	A	R	D	■	N	I	A	G	A	R	A
R	■	R	■	I	■	E	■	G	■	D	■	N	■	R
Y	E	S	A	N	D	N	O	■	K	E	T	T	L	E

MOVING?

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

Don't miss a single issue of THE NATION.

New address:

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

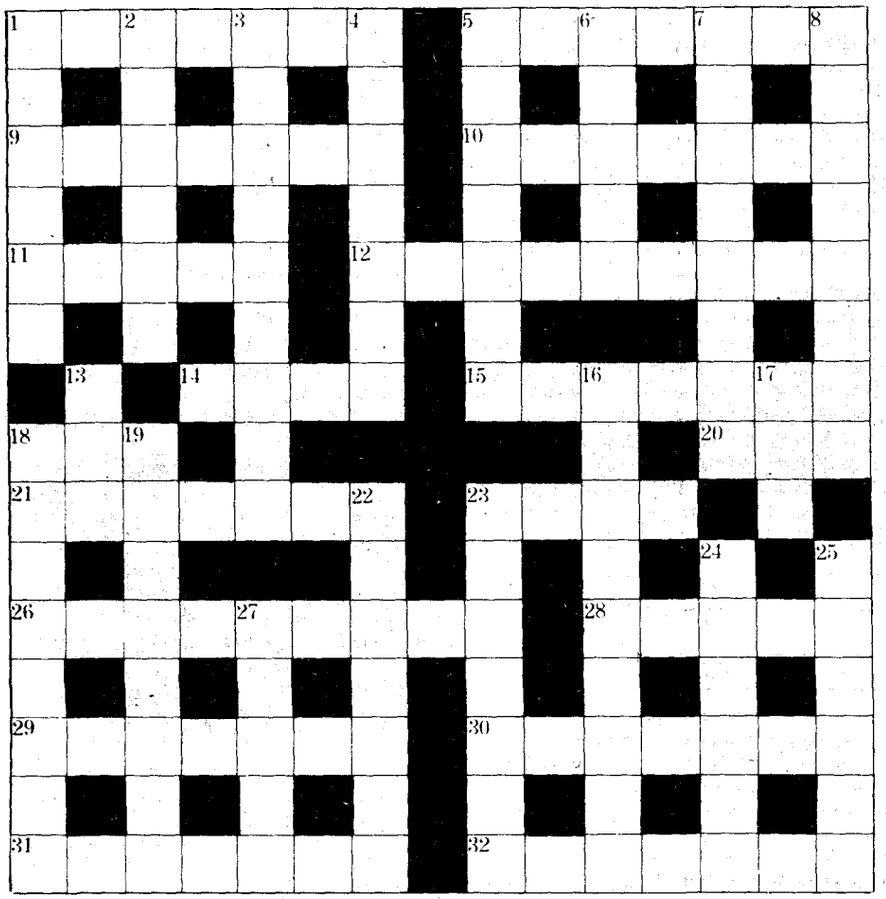
Please allow 6-8 weeks for processing.

Mail to: THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, Ohio 43305

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1949

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 It's a mixed race with acaudal mice made of clay. (7)
5 and 19 down A comforter for such as Dracula being out (or almost out). (4,3,3,5)
9 Hap-haphazard on the continent, with something of a speech problem. (7)
10 The most important meeting of the voters. (7)
11 The same old stuff that goes with a bow? No sir, different! (5)
12 What you do to put out a candle and a flashlight, as the British say—perhaps a plumber's helper. (9)
14 See 18 down
15 The people have only rude accommodations, by the sound of it. (7)
18 Perhaps a painting of such as Guinevere's husband, commonly. (3)
20 See 13 down
21 Got involved with one of those things reputedly best laid in poetry. (7)
23 See 5 down
26 Living in? (9)
28 Be ready for an old carol singer here! (5)
29 Acted like Thomas, traditionally. (7)
30 A preacher of sorts in position to have a drink around. (7)
31 When broken, a rest is what might be suggestive of Juvenal. (7)
32 Destroys the smoothness of what might be beaten on the drum. (7)

DOWN

1 Old sedans, possibly showing what someone does at the meeting. (6)
2 He is brought up in an environment characterized by lack of consideration, to restate an old argument. (6)
3 Sounds like one in a class of British schoolgirls! (To tell the truth, one doesn't.) (9)
4 Is it a good place for the little nipper to sleep, or is it just for the grouchy type? (7)
5 and 23 across MA! It might be ground out here! (7,4)
6 Watch here, perhaps, or you might go to such lengths with a cuff. (5)
7 Not banner-waving chauvinistic raving, but still scandalous! (8)
8 Humpty-dumpty and higgledy-piggledy? They are, but anything this has to get beat! (8)
13 and 20 across With a bow and a shake, one still might feel the cold here. (6)
16 Not a completely relaxed rest period, but reputedly better than no vacation! (4-1-4)
17 At the point, mine is up. (One used to give quarter this way.) (3)
18 and 14 across Some people think silver might be for dental work. (Some hope kids to be so.) (2,4,2,4)
19 See 5 across
22 You'll find a couple of points inside drugstore cowboys and bears, by the sound of it. (7)
23 This part of London doesn't necessarily have a spring exposition. (7)
24 Such plates, being broken, show a delicate color. (6)
25 Guides animals. (6)
27 A colleague of one referred to in 29, being a 30. (5)

The Nation Mart

MARSHALL ARISMAN POSTER

only $4.00
(includes postage).

A limited edition poster of Marshall Arisman's graphic reaction to the Reagan administration is the perfect gift for a friend, or for yourself. Arisman's drawing originally appeared on the cover of *The Nation*'s January, 1981, Inauguration issue, E. P. Thompson's "Letter to America." The poster, measuring 16.5" x 24", is printed on fine coated stock.

SAVE THE NATION

If you find that you have stacks of *The Nation* that you just can't part with, here are two ways to protect your back issues. Choose either an attractive library case or a binder, both in orange, scuff-resistant Kivar and embossed with *The Nation* logo. Each holds six months—safe from dust and wear—at a bargain price.

BINDERS	LIBRARY CASE
1 for $7.50	1 for $5.95
3 for $21.75	3 for $17.00
6 for $42.00	6 for $30.00

THE NATION SINCE 1865

These 100% cotton T-shirts come in black with white lettering front and back.

Three sizes, S-M-L, are available.

only $7.95
(includes postage)

ORDER FORM

Qty.	Item	Total
	Marshall Arisman Poster	
	Binder(s)	
	Library Case(s)	
	T-Shirt(s) S M L	

Total Enclosed _____

SEND TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail check or money order to The Nation Reprint Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. *Offers expire June 30, 1983.*

NM8306

X-523

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THE COUNTRY

TRY The Nation.

P.O. Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305

YES!!! Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $12.00, a savings of 60% off the newsstand price and 30% off the regular subscription price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!

☐ Please bill me later.

NAME _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

D8306

SEND *THE NATION* TO A FRIEND! (And save $3.)

Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $12.00 for the first and $9.00 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

GIFT TO _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Enclosed is $ _____ for _____ subscription(s).
(Extend each subscription FOUR FREE ISSUES.)

☐ Bill me later.

Add $3.50 postage for subscriptions in Canada and Mexico, $6.50 for other foreign countries. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D8306

60% OFF NEWSSTAND PRICE

SAVE AN ADDITIONAL $3.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED